THE LIVING AGE

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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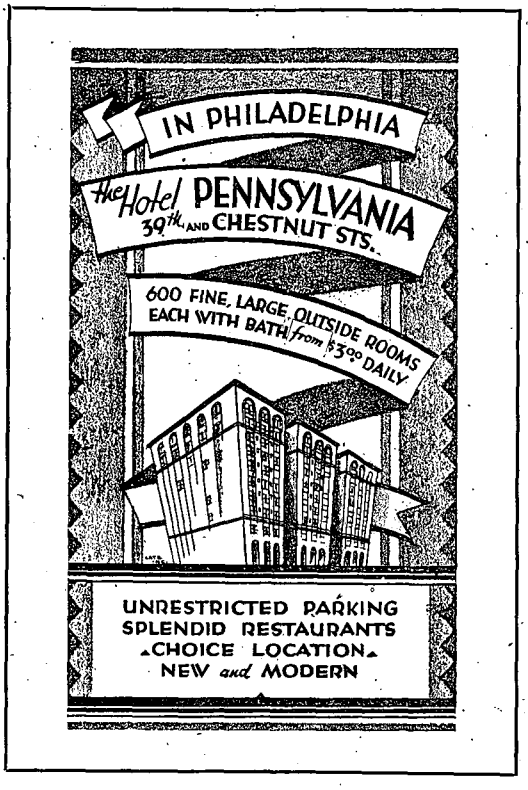

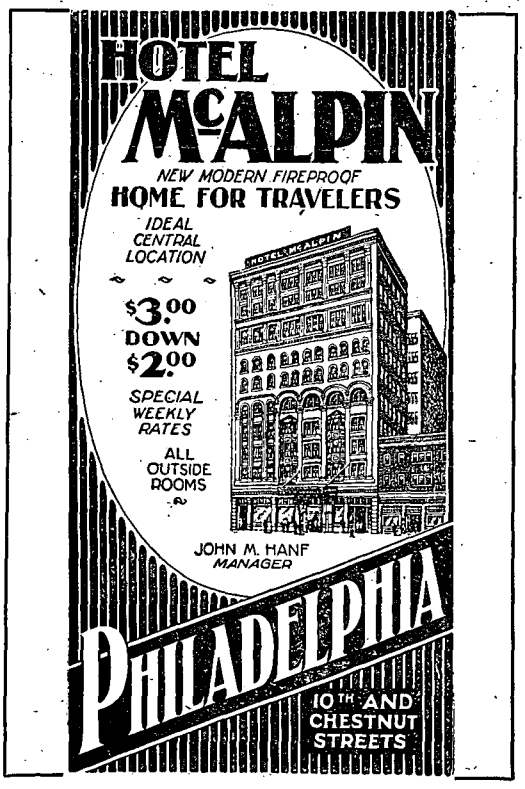

THE GUIDE POST

WHEN SIR PHILIP GIBBS, who was knighted for his services as a correspondent on the western front, takes as his text the title of a German soldier's War novel, it begins to look as if the cause of peace on earth were making measurable progress. And, although his words were originally written for Armistice Day reading, they also have about them a spirit quite appropriate to Christmas.

The French-speaking population of Switzerland surveys the world we live in very much as the native-born Frenchman does and Edmond Rossier's skeptical forebodings express many of the doubts that are disturbing the powers that be in Paris. Eleven years of peace *à la* Versailles have brought France unexampled prosperity and she naturally looks with suspicion on the Kellogg Pact, the Five-Power Naval Conference, and any other manifestation that might disturb the present highly satisfactory state of affairs.

A similar point of view is to be found in 'Pertinax's' biting criticism of Mr. Hoover's proposal to grant immunity to food ships in time of war. The London *Spectator*, on the other hand, expresses nothing but sympathy and looks upon the President's Armistice Day speech as one of the great documents in behalf of world peace.

Ernst Lothar, who contributes regularly to the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, has fairly outdone himself in his description of a recent visit he paid to Spain. He met Primo de Rivera, visited Madrid and Toledo, and found it almost, but not quite, too perfect for words.

Most of the reports of the fighting in Manchuria seem completely remote from our daily lives, but Corrado Tedeschi, an Italian journalist, writes an account of how the Russian troops are brought up to the fighting line that gives a distinct air of reality to that distant theatre of war. And, since the Fascisti have no preferences one way or the other between the two parties, he enjoys a liberty of expression that would never be granted him at home and that few prejudiced British and American correspondents are allowed to practice.

■ ■ Say LIVING AGE to any advertiser, and he will know that your patronage is especially to be desired. ■ ■

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As guest dramatic critic of the New York *World* last winter St. John Ervine proved to be the most accurate picker of successful plays in the city. He is now back again at his regular post on the London *Observer*, to which he contributes a weekly article on the stage.

Hans Roelli took a two-day trip in the *Graf Zeppelin* over Central and Eastern Europe. His impressions lead one to believe that the lighter-than-air machine has a great deal to recommend it as a means of rapid, comfortable, and safe conveyance.

MUCH MORE is at stake in the Fascist movement than the personal fortunes of its leader. The triumph of Mussolini represents the triumph of certain ideas that had their beginnings in the strong Socialist movement that existed in Italy for forty years before the War. Valeriu Marcu, a young German journalist who has written a life of Lenin, outlines the conflicting schools of thought represented by Mussolini on the one hand and by Croce on the other. It is a profound discussion that sets Fascism against its proper background.

Many American readers have already enjoyed Nicolas Ségur's book entitled *Conversations with Anatole France*. We are offering in this issue some new conversations with the beloved Master that supplement a similar previous installment printed in our columns two months ago.

Egon Erwin Kisch has just returned to Germany from an extensive trip in the United States. Like many other foreign visitors, he is writing a book about his adventures over here in the course of which his article on American football will appear.

FOR the past eight issues THE LIVING AGE has been following a publication schedule that perhaps calls for a word of explanation. Appearing, as we do, twice a month, we have attempted to maintain a certain timeliness by publishing and mailing each issue on the same date that it bears on its cover. This is not, of course, the usual procedure, and many of our readers who are accustomed to receiving periodicals in advance of the actual date of issue naturally feel that they have not been receiving their LIVING AGE promptly. Beginning with the January first number, therefore,

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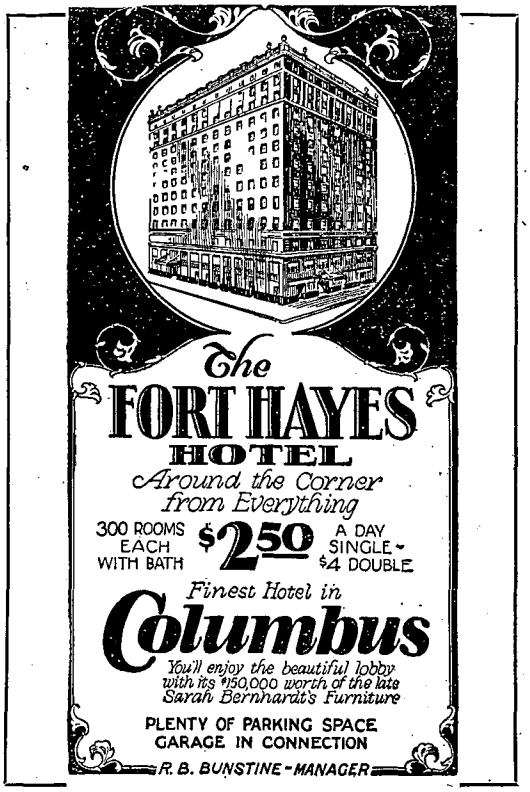
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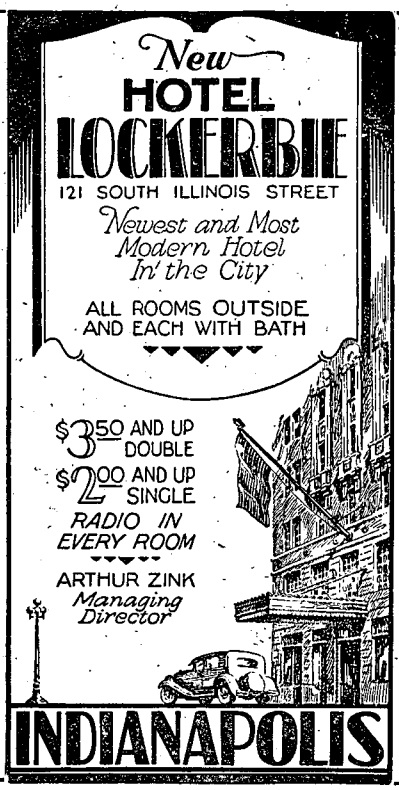

THE FRONTISPIECE

In this number of THE LIVING AGE we depart from our usual custom and reproduce the work of an American, not a foreign, artist. Rockwell Kent is by many critics considered America's finest painter. His illustration and commercial art have been justly admired for years. Recently some admirable lithographs have come from his pencil, of which we are privileged to reproduce one here. It is a subject eminently suitable for a Christmas number of a magazine—a conventionalized tiller of the soil and woodsman dragging a fir tree home through the snow to celebrate the holidays. As in the past, we reproduce this lithograph by lithography, imitating as much as is mechanically possible the feeling, tone, and spirit of the artist's original, rather than destroying its characteristic quality by the more usual 'dotted' half-tone process.

Christmas Gift Subscriptions

Any LIVING AGE subscribers, interested in giving subscriptions to friends, who have not received our special Christmas gift subscription offer by the time this number reaches their hands are urged to communicate with the Circulation Manager of THE LIVING AGE, 253 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIVING AGE
253 Broadway, New York City

we are advancing our date of publication one day and shall continue to speed up our schedule until by the time the issue of February first appears THE LIVING AGE will be published four days ahead of the date on its cover. In this way, all our American subscribers should be receiving the magazine by the first and fifteenth of the month at the latest.

Advice from our advisory council is always appreciated and we are taking the liberty of quoting from a recent letter from Mr. George W. Alger, a New York lawyer who contributes every now and then to current magazines: 'The original LIVING AGE looked "dead," the intermediate LIVING AGE looked as if it had convulsions. It was too severe and sudden a transformation. Yours is a more intelligent compromise. It is alive and dignified and still interesting. My criticisms are rather as to form and make-up than to matter. I dislike your cover. It is eccentric and not significant. Cut out the woodcut tops to the articles. The bally-hoo isn't needed and is not good style. Otherwise you are doing first rate.'

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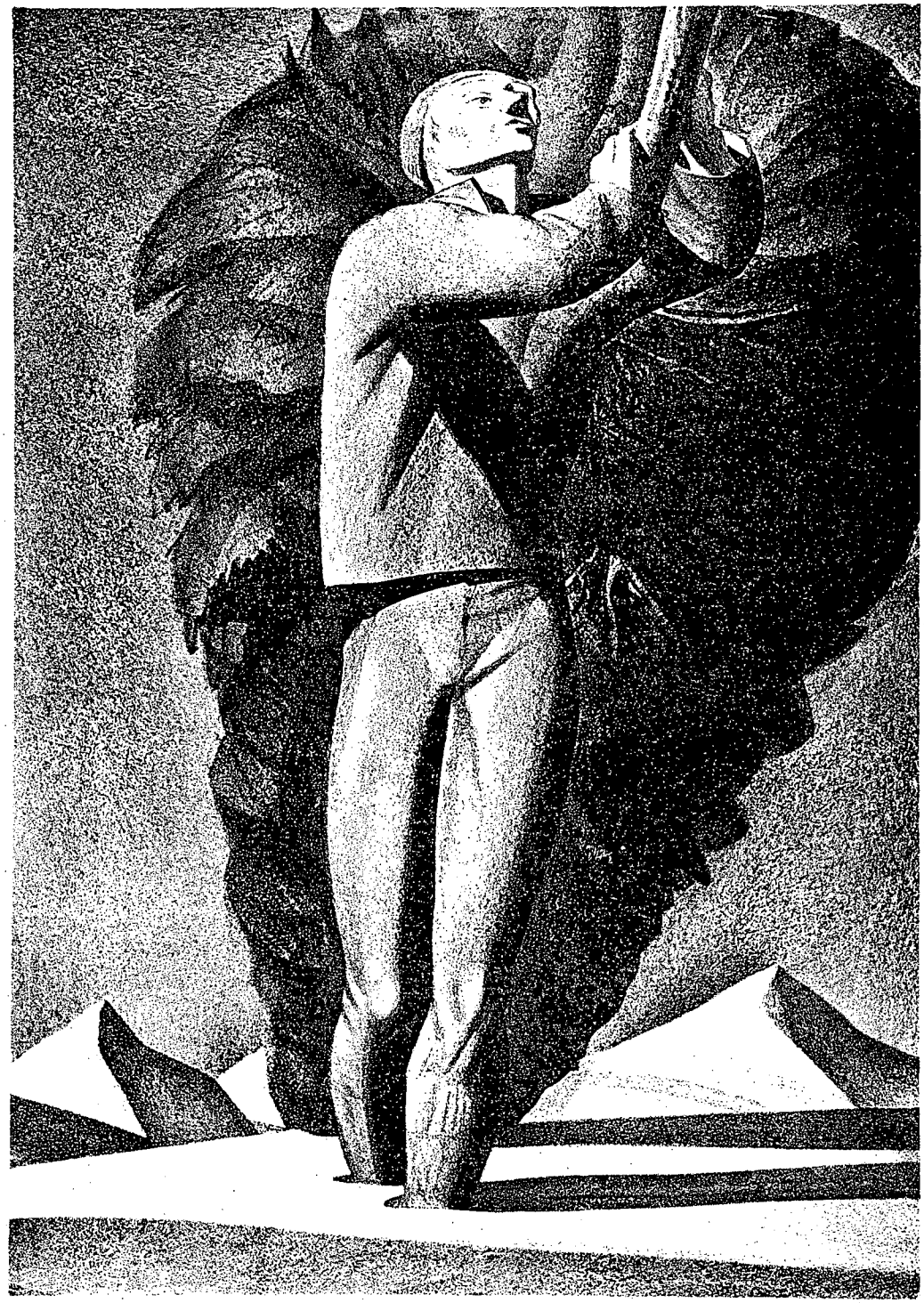

BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS TREE

FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY ROCKWELL KENT

(*Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded 1844 By E. Littell

DECEMBER 15, 1929 VOLUME 337, NUMBER 4352

THE WORLD OVER

HARD CASH AND SOFT COAL have begun to replace world peace and naval disarmament as objects of Parliamentary concern in Great Britain. The fluctuations of the Bank of England's discount rate and the issue of a thirty-million-pound conversion loan have brought down severe criticism on the head of Philip Snowden, and a policy of compromise in the coal fields has made Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Henderson seem to be guilty of temporizing with a condition that called for decisive and far-sighted action.

The *Nation and Athenæum*, which always has something worth while to say on Britain's financial problems, accuses Mr. Snowden of having been so seduced by the 'copy-book maxims' of London bankers as to have quite lost his head. What has happened is that thirty million pounds of Government loans fall due in the course of the next two months and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has chosen to meet this obligation by issuing a conversion loan at five per cent—a high rate that will involve heavier taxation—and at the same time he has offered blocks of these securities to professional underwriters below the issue price—a practice only resorted to in times of national emergency. Even the *New Statesman*, usually a supporter of Mr. Snowden, feels that

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 17

COMMUNISTS gain 13 seats in BERLIN MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 18

The world's largest submarine, the *Surcouf* of the FRENCH NAVY, is launched at CHERBOURG.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19

PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG gives $50,000 for relief among RUSSIAN PEASANTS of GERMAN descent.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20

One hundred thousand MEXICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN parade in support of PRESIDENT GIL's campaign against alcohol.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21

Negotiations open between FRANCE and GERMANY for the settlement of the SARRE PROBLEM in advance of the date established by the VERSAILLES TREATY.

STANLEY BALDWIN easily retains his leadership of the CONSERVATIVE PARTY as the result of a much heralded meeting of TORY LEADERS.

Many passengers on the ORIENT EXPRESS are wounded and two killed by bandits on the BULGARIAN-YUGOSLAV FRONTIER.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22

BRIAND tells the CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES that GERMANY must ratify the YOUNG PLAN before the RHINELAND is evacuated.

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he showed unwarranted pessimism in issuing part of this loan at a discount, but it asserts that the high interest could not have been avoided.

The Chancellor's consistent opposition to a high discount rate on the part of the Bank of England has also met with adverse criticism. Mr. D. M. Mason, an associate of the Institute of Bankers and the founder, as well as the chairman of the Executive Committee, of the Sound Currency Association, made a speech before a group of Manchester free traders in which he stated that, if the bank rate had been raised to six and one-half per cent last February, the boom on the New York Stock Exchange, which was fed in part by British gold, would have collapsed much sooner than it did and that, in consequence, money would now be cheaper and unemployment less widespread. He also objected to the conversion loan on the ground that it is to run for fourteen years instead of for only three.

The difficulties in the coal trade possess a more immediate and practical character. Since the Government was pledged to shortening the hours of work, it has made what appears to be a mistake in allowing its whole policy to be determined by this one consideration and has attempted to appease the mine owners for this concession to the men by a half-hearted marketing scheme that bears no real connection with the reduced working day. A National Wages Board for the coal industry is to be appointed, but the chief difficulty with the present state of affairs is that the producers may be in a position to regulate the output of coal to their own advantage.

AN ANONYMOUS POLITICAL correspondent of the Conservative *Saturday Review* believes that he has discovered a plot to overthrow the Labor Government and at the same time to oust Stanley Baldwin from the leadership of the Conservative Party. The story is that a group of Tories and Liberals, eager to form a Coalition, took advantage of the debate on India to execute their nefarious scheme. When Lord Irwin announced that India might one day enjoy dominion status, the conspirators at once cried out that the Viceroy and MacDonald were scuttling the British Empire and that Mr. Baldwin, as Lord Irwin's friend and party leader, was also implicated. The Rothermere press took up the cry, which Mr. Baldwin met with a series of categorical denials. It was this speech of his which was to provide the conspirators with their opportunity, for they hoped, when it was over, to launch a succession of attacks that would stampede the anti-Socialist majority in Parliament into a vote of nonconfidence and at the same time discredit Baldwin. But Mr. Baldwin's utterance was of such a nature as to spike their guns and the debate failed to materialize, although Winston Churchill was among those who voted that it should be held. The

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, PREMIER of FRANCE during the last year of the WAR, dies in PARIS.

CHINESE REVOLTS end, and all factions attempt to unite against RUSSIAN INVASION of MANCHURIA.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 25

RUSSIAN advance into MANCHURIA continues as CHINESE evacuate the city of KHAILAR.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26

The COUNCIL of the CHINESE GOVERNMENT appeals to the LEAGUE and to the signers of the KELLOGG PACT to halt and punish the SOVIET INVASION of MANCHURIA.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY awards an honorary DOCTOR OF LAWS degree to FRANK B. KELLOGG.

TARDIEU'S NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT BILL reveals that AMERICAN TOURISTS in FRANCE spent $40,000,000 less this year than in 1928.

KING ALBERT of BELGIUM accepts the resignation of the JASPAR CABINET.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 27

FRENCH MINISTRY OF FINANCE publishes a statement showing that the UNFAVORABLE TRADE BALANCE of the country has dropped 90% in the past ten months.

Short session of GERMAN REICHSTAG opens.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28

MUKDEN AUTHORITIES consent to cancel their action of last *July* and reinstate a RUSSIAN MANAGER and SUBMANAGER on the CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

RUMANIAN CABINET orders immediate liquidation of estates belonging to HUNGARIAN and BULGARIAN NATIONALS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29

FOREIGN MINISTER CURTIUS of GERMANY assails the PLEBISCITE on the YOUNG PLAN as 'political sophistry.'

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question that now disturbs the *Saturday Review* is how soon the 'Die-Hards,' 'Coalitionists,' and 'Forty Thieves' will make their next assault.

MEANWHILE, THE LIKELIHOOD of India's being granted dominion status within a predictable length of time has sensibly receded as a result of a pronouncement by Lord Reading. No man in England is in a position to speak with greater authority than he on the problem of India, for he filled the post of viceroy during those anxious years that immediately followed the War and he has informed the House of Lords that he is quite willing to contemplate dominion status for India as a distant ideal, but that there are many intervening stages to be passed. The *Manchester Guardian*, whose point of view is anything but imperialistic, offers this pessimistic comment:—

> There is, we fear, little use in speaking of dominion status if the university student of to-day may not be encouraged to hope that he will live to feel himself the citizen of one of the coequal dominions of the British Commonwealth. If we cannot encourage such a hope it is certainly better to say so at once than to wait till the intended conference meets and then find ourselves charged with bad faith for having raised expectations which we never thought to see fulfilled. Indian politicians can quite truly assert that when they asked for an assurance about dominion status they meant an assurance that they would be enabled to attain that status within a reasonable period of time. No doubt the Labor Government was naturally and rightly influenced by a desire to spare India the danger and folly of the threatened campaign of civil disobedience, and perhaps it hoped strongly that progress could be made more rapidly than Lord Reading contemplates. But it was not fair to the Simon Commission, to Parliament, or to India to gamble on a mere hope without waiting to study the evidence which has been laboriously collected in accordance with the considered decision of the British Parliament.

THE PROBLEMS THAT AUSTRALIA'S new Labor Government is facing bear certain resemblances to the difficulties with which Ramsay MacDonald has to deal. Although the present Cabinet, headed by James Scullin, commands a safe majority in the House of Representatives, it has an equally large majority against it in the Senate and must therefore proceed cautiously. Furthermore, Australia has an unemployment situation nearly as severe as that in England. The coal industry is depressed, the budget for the current year is going to show a five-million-dollar deficit, and the tariff question has become acute. Up to the present time, capital and labor have been sharing a prosperity based on a high wage scale and a high tariff rate, but a growing suspicion seems to exist that the danger point has been reached. Perhaps the surest sign of distress is to be found in the columns of the

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30

By a vote of 312–80 the GERMAN REICHSTAG rejects the NATIONALISTS' ANTI-YOUNG PLAN BILL.

FRENCH and BELGIAN TROOPS evacuate COBLENZ and AIX-LA-CHAPELLE in the SECOND RHINELAND ZONE.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 2

SECRETARY STIMSON appeals to RUSSIA and CHINA in behalf of the KELLOGG PACT to avoid warlike measures in MANCHURIA.

RAMSAY MACDONALD announces that the BRITISH DELEGATION to the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE will include HIMSELF; ARTHUR HENDERSON, the FOREIGN MINISTER; A. V. ALEXANDER, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; and WEDGWOOD BENN, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

POPE PIUS XI arraigns the FASCIST PRESS for the way it discusses ROMAN CATHOLIC subjects and complains that ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS in ITALY are finding it more difficult to discuss their religious interests.

BRITISH EAST AFRICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE holds a dinner in honor of GENERAL VON LETTOW-VORBECK, COMMANDER of the opposing GERMAN FORCES in EAST AFRICA during the WAR.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3

MAXIM LITVINOV, ACTING COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS for RUSSIA, characterizes SECRETARY STIMSON'S NOTE as 'not a friendly act.'

SOVIET and MUKDEN authorities sign a protocol reorganizing the CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY in conformity with the treaties of 1924.

Six NATIONALIST delegates to the GERMAN REICHSTAG resign from the PARTY.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4

The HOUSE OF LORDS opposes by a vote of 43 to 21 the LABOR GOVERNMENT'S POLICY of reopening relations with SOVIET RUSSIA.

BRIAND sends a note to the ITALIAN Government outlining the FRENCH position at the FIVE-POWER NAVAL CONFERENCE.

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London *Times*, which states, 'Fundamentally the economic condition of the Commonwealth is sound enough.' To American ears these words have a fatal and familiar ring that can augur nothing but ill.

SO CLEVER WERE the explanations of French foreign policy offered to the Chamber of Deputies by both Briand and Tardieu that nobody seems to be quite sure what is going to happen. *Le Temps*, speaking, as usual, for the Quai d'Orsay, took great pains to point out that Briand's conciliatory attitude had consistently advanced the true interests of the country and that Tardieu will leave him as free as Poincaré did to continue along the same lines. 'Pertinax,' writing in the more reactionary *Echo de Paris*, takes a skeptical view. He quotes with approval Tardieu's words that 'only calm, strong nations can work effectively in the cause of peace' and points out that 'diplomacy worthy of the name can no more exist without an efficient military system than a bank can function without a gold reserve.' Furthermore, because Tardieu stands for safeguarding the lines of communication between France and her colonies, the prospective attitude of the new Government at the Five-Power Naval Conference is outlined as follows:—

> The French Government will not let the French Navy remain on the 5–5–3–1.75–1.75 proportional basis to which we allowed our cruiser strength to fall in 1921. In the body of the eventual London agreement—if, indeed, an agreement is reached—the French Navy must be able to resume the place it occupied in 1914. We are grateful to M. Tardieu for having laid down, without delay, a fixed doctrine in regard to naval disarmament. And, finally, there is the necessity of maintaining particular friendship—since the word, 'alliance,' is no longer fashionable—with all nations interested in continuing the present frontiers as they are to-day. Too much of this kind of friendship has been sacrificed to the chimerical idea of a Pan-Europe, whose vanity has been clearly exposed by the tariff holiday recently discussed by the economic committee at Geneva.

But it remained for the London *Times* to reconcile the nationalism of Tardieu with the internationalism of M. Briand, particularly in regard to the evacuation of the Rhineland. Briand had asserted that the withdrawal of French troops would begin only after the Young Plan had been ratified by both France and Germany, adding that the evacuation would take eight months to complete and that it would be over by June 30th at the latest. Tardieu, however, announced that 'the situation had changed' and that the date from which the period of eight months would be reckoned 'must be advanced.' This manœuvre the *Times* accounts for as follows:—

> This resourceful explanation saved M. Tardieu in the Chamber; but it will probably arouse some uneasiness abroad. There are, however, other elements in the situation that make the too strict scrutiny of M. Tardieu's words un-

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necessary. For one thing, evacuation, once it does begin, need not require eight months, and, as the Prime Minister said at the Lord Mayor's banquet on Saturday, 'if all goes well,' the Rhineland should be free by the middle of next year. Of much greater importance is the fact that M. Tardieu has given an earnest of the genuineness of the pacific policy which he commended to the Chamber by retaining the support and help of M. Briand, who has, in Mr. MacDonald's words, 'a passion for peace,' and 'whose name will be forever associated with the healing of Europe.'

FOREIGN MINISTER ZALESKI of Poland has signed an agreement with Germany that will go a long way toward improving relations between the two countries. Under the Dawes Plan, which Poland did not sign, Germany was not compelled to make any payments beyond the annuities provided for, whereas the Young Plan established the principle that the creditor nations, of which Poland is one, must regulate the division of German spoils among themselves. But there also exist individual claims on the part of Polish and German citizens, whose rights this new agreement defines, for Germany now relinquishes her demands for payment on liquidated German property in Poland, while Poland drops her claims for damages suffered during the fighting in Upper Silesia. The Reich, moreover, undertakes to recompense individual German property holders who were dispossessed by the Poles to the extent of some two or three hundred million marks.

As the *Journal de Genève* points out, the consequences of this agreement are considerable. It will result in the dropping of ten thousand individual lawsuits and will clear the air generally. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, on the other hand, insists that the burning question of the Polish frontier has not been touched upon and that 'there is no prospect of an Eastern Locarno, which is opposed, as it always has been, by insurmountable obstacles.'

EVER SINCE THE FIRST RUMORS of war between Russia and China made themselves heard last spring, the *Japan Advertiser*, which, by the way, is by all odds the leading newspaper in any language published in the Far East, has kept insisting that neither nation can afford large-scale operations against the other. It asserted that the Chinese seized the disputed railway line because they realized that Russia would not dare to fight back, but, now that Russia has at length ventured into Manchuria, the explanation is that the Soviet authorities took advantage of the civil war raging about Nanking. Authoritative news comes slowly from that part of the world, but even the *Japan Advertiser* seems to be sufficiently disturbed by recent manifestations to weigh the strength of the opposing forces:—

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If the Russians want to advance, the rivers and the ground will soon be frozen hard enough for broad military movements. Although the Russian troops in the Far East are not the best of the Red Army, they are believed by the foreign correspondents to be better than the Chinese. The latter are certainly far superior to the enlisted boys who are seen in the South shambling along under rifles that they find uncomfortably heavy, and it is claimed that in some of the frontier skirmishes they put up a good fight in defense of their trenches. But they are no match for the Russians in equipment. They have airplanes but few pilots, and the pilots have no experience of air fighting. They have no tanks, they know nothing about indirect artillery fire by airplane spotting, and it is very doubtful if any of their generals are capable of directing large armies in a modern way. Lack of a commissariat, though it disables the Chinese from advancing through an almost uninhabited country, would not perhaps handicap them in defense. But a general of Blücher's ability and Far Eastern experience would, in the opinion of many observers, find the capture of Harbin simple enough as a military task.

PRESS COMMENTS IN THE Argentine remarking on the success of Lord D'Abernon's trade mission to South America strike just as enthusiastic a note as those in the British papers. *La Prensa* even goes so far as to say that the publicity given to the Argentine in England is more valuable than the agreement itself, which allows certain British textiles a considerable advantage over similar American products. But a less happy state of mind prevails in regard to domestic affairs. Riots have been occurring in the streets of Buenos Aires and there is occasional talk of revolution, although no group seems to command sufficient leadership to execute a *coup d'état*. The explanation of this discontent resides in the high-handed methods of President Irigoyen, whose supporters have been preventing the opposition parties from holding public meetings. The Irigoyen men, or *Personalistas*, believe in following men rather than principles and they have been goading their opponents into criticizing the Government and then attacking them while the police have stood by, refusing to intervene.

In the light of these domestic outbursts there seems, therefore, to be little hope that a Pan-South-American Union similar to Briand's United States of Europe can be effected at an early date. What has happened so far is that the Latin-American members of the League of Nations, inspired, in all probability, by some of their Latin colleagues in Europe, have conceived the idea of forming an economic federation to counterbalance the growing strength of the United States. But the chief obstacle in the path of such a scheme is that the richest Latin-American nations, Argentina, Brazil, and Mexico, do not participate in the work of the League, which leads *La Prensa* to suggest that they forget about Geneva and go ahead anyway.

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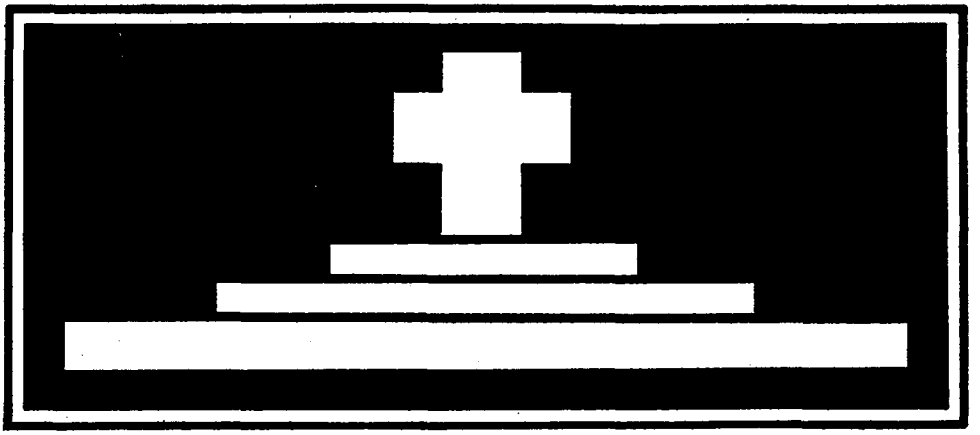

'ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT'

Armistice Memories and a Christmas Message

By Sir Philip Gibbs

From the *Morning Post,* London Conservative Daily

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE that eleven years have passed since a bugle here and there sounded the Cease Fire on Armistice Day. Now it is the beginning of a second decade of peace since that War which seemed never-ending in its daily routine of casualties, and boredom, and filth, and fatigue, with odd hours of exaltation, loud laughter, utter carelessness, and sometimes a sense of intense vitality in the near neighborhood of death. The War is getting old in remembrance, and the world is changed. . . . 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

ELEVEN years ago? Why, to great numbers of men, bareheaded in a two minutes' silence, it seems only the day before yesterday. In that short spell of silence they seem to hear again the fury of the guns, never silent up there in the Ypres Salient, or drum fire this side of High Wood or the other side of Arras. Through the mist, surely, they can see Verey lights rising when the battalion stands to at dawn and there is a splutter of machine-gun fire from the German lines. Don't you hear it? . . . And what's that queer smell which comes with the reek of old memories? It's the stench of a front-line trench—wet mud, chloride of lime, bodily corruption. How queer to smell that in Whitehall, or outside the Mansion House! Wasn't it yesterday they sat in a dug-out

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listening to unpleasant noises outside by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle! Where's that baccy tin? What! No more whiskey? Oh, hell!

And there's that old rat again snooping round for a bit of cheese. What's that, sergeant? A night raid? Lord, all that's a dream now, eleven years ago and more. . . . 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

THERE are no guns firing now round the Ypres Salient. The trenches have silted in. The ploughs have been at work in No Man's Land preparing the soil for next year's harvest, as I have just seen, staring across the old battlefields for landmarks which I could not find. There are fields of beet where upheaved earth was strewn with dead bodies and machine-gun belts and tin hats with holes in them. New bells of new churches are chiming across country where a fellow couldn't show his head without getting a bullet through his brain. All those towns and villages that were wiped off the map by high explosives have been put back again with raw red roofs. There is hardly a trace of that old war, except where, here and there behind the old lines through France and Flanders, there are rows and rows of graves, very neat, and straightly set, with white headstones inscribed with the names of the army of the dead—nearly a million of them—sleeping there so still. . . . 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

THOSE eleven years have slipped by. It was an army of Youth which went marching up the roads of war, singing funny old songs, or getting silent and dry about the lips where the duck-boards led up to dirty places. Now those who came back are no longer in the younger crowd. Their hair is getting a bit gray. Some of them have extended their waist measurement. They are middle-aged, and rather worried with life sometimes, because of bad business or domestic troubles. In some cases those eleven years haven't fulfilled the promise of peace—that tremendous, unspeakable promise which used to come to them in a kind of mirage when they stood under a tin hat staring across No Man's Land. To be home again! To do what one likes with one's life! To marry a nice girl! To be free of discipline, high explosives, lice, mud, and that little nagging pulse of fear which beat sometimes behind one's mask of courage! . . . Well, life even in peace time is very difficult after all, and youth is a great gift even in war time. There are some men —stout fellows—who would like to put the clock back even if it took them into a front-line trench. But there's no chance of that. No more war. . . . 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

THOSE boys who 'went West,' as we used to say, were spared the disillusion which crept over the world after the War. They never knew the sense of futility, the lack of purpose, the damned bitterness

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which spoiled the first years of peace because so many ideals fell into the mud and so many minds seemed shell-shocked. They were saved that demoralization which took the stuffing out of men who trudged the streets for work and couldn't find it, or put their heads into gas ovens, or joined the ranks of street cadgers. The men who stayed behind, among their comrades, in those rows of graves so neat and straight, will never grow old. In the memory of the world they remain eternally young, as they went slogging along the roads of war, jesting at the grimmest jokes, with a sense of humor which gave fancy names to filthy trenches and to the very shells that killed them. It was not the men who came back, but those others who were first to find peace, in that No Man's Land across the frontiers of human strife, where they stay in tranquillity. . . . 'All Quiet on the Western Front.'

SO QUIET there, it is, in those sanctuaries of peace where women are bringing flowers to-day, beyond the turmoil of a noisy, restless world. Yet the spirit of that army of youth is immortal. Their valor, their whimsicality in foul places, their loyalty and fellowship have not died. That spirit remains alive forever as a divine tradition in the imagination of the world's youth. It stirs in the younger crowd of to-day as they stand for the two minutes' silence, not knowing much about that old war which was fought by their fathers or their elder brothers, but knowing, in their blood and in their souls, that, whatever comes, they must never let down those men who died by any dirty way of cowardice or by any lack of humor when things are bad. The next adventure may not be war. The spirit of the youth who fell calls across the world:—

'*Do you not remember our sacrifice? Have you forgotten the crime and the folly that led to our massacre? We died—though we loved life—believing that the youngsters who came after us would find a better kind of world. How about it, you who live?*'

Something is being done about it. It is a better world. The spirit of peace is extending its frontiers. Yet the struggle of life goes on, because it is life. There will be new ordeals if there are no new wars. Soon or late our own race will need the spirit of that boyhood which faced up to great hazards. The rhythm of life is speeding up and gathering pace for some new adventure yet unknown. The future is knocking at the door with a loud summons to the younger crowd. The great machinery of industrial civilization goes roaring on. The traffic of life is noisy. The individual mind is tuned into new vibrations. There is no tranquillity in the modern mind except when, sometimes, above the clamor of the crowd, or in a two minutes' silence, spiritual voices speak to those who believe in beauty and love and valor.

What is that sound of singing that comes very softly through the two minutes' silence? Isn't that the noise of tramping feet—the

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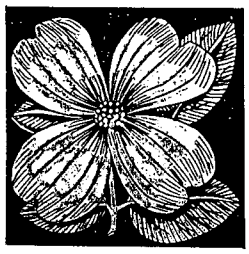
old Division on the march—the transport wagons going up? Can't you hear the bugles sounding the Reveille through the mist? . . . No, our imagination has played a trick on us, surely, unless it was some queer vibration from over there.

There is a great silence in those War cemeteries of France and Flanders. The white headstones stretch away in long straight lines, seemingly endless, in far vistas. There are miles and miles of graves, miles and miles of our buried dead, with here and there, above them, memorials in stone of their old battalions, the legions of our lost youth.

Beyond them and around them, coming closer every month, are the red roofs of new houses and the walls of new factories and farmsteads where the work of life goes on. There are distant sounds of human labor, the throb of machinery, dogs barking, children laughing. But there is no sound at all—only silence—down the avenues of graves.

'All Quiet on the Western Front.'



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THESE UNCERTAIN TIMES

Swiss Skepticisms

By Edmond Rossier

Translated from the *Revue de Genève*, Geneva Literary and Political Monthly

IS IT THE FAULT of the malign human heart that we are so accustomed to anxiety that we refuse reassurance even when it is provided us? We are witnessing a continuous performance of an extraordinary spectacle. The Kellogg Pact has definitely established that all disagreements must be settled by peaceful means. The Hague Conference adopted the Young Plan and regulated a whole series of thorny problems. At the Geneva Assembly, war, which Ludendorff once described as 'fresh and joyous,' was stigmatized so convincingly that it became an object not only of horror but of contempt. And now we are preparing for a naval conference that is going to limit the expenditures of maritime nations, thus making still more remote the possibility of conflict and aiding enormously the labors of the League's Disarmament Conference.

Never has such a serious effort been made to assure the reign of peace on earth. People everywhere are talking about fruitful accomplishments, good will, and progress. A new era seems to be opening. Yet we seem to take hardly any satisfaction in this state of affairs. The nations most deeply committed to new economic theories are falling prey to troublesome uncertainties which often aggravate their domestic worries.

At the Hague Conference, M. Briand was shaken by the menaces of Mr. Snowden. Perhaps if he had studied the situation more closely, he would have realized that the British chancellor did not want to run the risk of a break any more than he did, but he had made no advance preparations. He had counted on his lucky star and the prestige of his oratory to extricate him honorably from the most difficult situations that might arise. But when he encountered this formidable opposition on the part of the British, one preoccupation dominated his mind—to save the conference at all costs. To make Germany a part of his system and to obtain from her the necessary millions to appease the redoubtable Chancellor of the Exchequer, he accorded her everything she demanded, and when the eminent delegates dispersed nobody, not even Briand himself, knew whether the total evacuation of the Rhineland which he had promised at a fixed date depended on the ratification of the Young Plan by the various governments or whether it hinged on the at least partial conversion of the German debt.

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The criticisms that at once confronted him failed to stifle his optimism, and the great French leader represented his retreats as if they had been so many victories for the noble principle of peace. The *Journal des Débats* wrote as follows: 'When we come to speak of starting to convert the unconditional German debt, we shall discuss the matter sedately, leisurely, and interminably, in order to arrive at an agreement that all the interested nations will accept. You can be sure, furthermore, that such an agreement will not be reached before the thirtieth of June, and, once that date is past, one may well ask who would dare to fall back again on the forceful methods of imperialism.'

IN OTHER words, France has certain misgivings. One by one, the guarantees that assured her the execution of the Versailles Treaty have disappeared, and she does not seem to have obtained sufficient compensation for them. This is what explains the fall of the Briand cabinet. On that occasion we saw representatives of the parties of the right, good patriots, casting their votes with the representatives of the extreme left, who represent the permanent opposition, and with the Radical Socialists, who had been seduced by the vision of coming into power themselves and who wanted to attain that power as rapidly as possible.

This does not signify a change of policy. The mass of the nation is too firmly attached to its present condition of calm. It would be loath to admit that new agitations are still within the range of possibility, that the condition of affairs produced by the War will outlive the present generation. M. Briand did exactly what most Frenchmen wished when he pursued his policy of pacification by every possible means, treating disagreeable incidents as if they were unimportant trifles, and affirming in his obviously sincere speeches that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Furthermore, France is too much absorbed in her own system of keeping the peace to be able to change it. What indignation it would arouse and what a European scandal it would be if France suddenly began adopting a high and mighty attitude and bullying her neighbors! Let us hope that M. Briand remains at the Quai d'Orsay, or at least that his successor's policy will remain the same.

The French system is not a bad one. It has brought a remarkable state of tranquillity to Europe. May the spirit of peace grow stronger, may Germany continue to fulfill her obligations, and her clever foreign minister, whose name was identified with so many attempts at conciliation, will have performed a great and splendid task. But are we sure that such things can be? An unknown element still troubles reflective Frenchmen.

They realize that their country has benefited for the past few years from a military hegemony in Europe such as it has not possessed since

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the time of Napoleon. In his day, no one was capable of opposing his will, but did he make full use of this exceptional state of affairs? Did not his frequent changes of men and methods cause him to lose, in successive conferences, the results he thought he had attained? It is certain today that France no longer directs events—she is directed by them. She is even, as certain of her newspapers recognize, committed to a policy that may take her further than she wishes to go.

Does even security exist? France wishes to believe it does, but she is not very firmly convinced. Germany's desires remain mysterious and her armaments are causing anxiety. The Entente Cordiale no longer exists. The smaller powers allied to France will be able to claim her protection, but they will not furnish her with aid. Of course, more agreements are constantly being signed, and their tone is more and more reassuring, but how far can we rely on scraps of paper even when they bear illustrious signatures? We shall see.

The naval conference is announced and France has interests to defend. She does not wish to accept for all types of fighting vessels the proportions Washington has fixed for capital ships. She wishes to be able to protect her seacoasts and to safeguard her communications in the Mediterranean. But no sooner do the French newspapers announce these intentions than the foreign press expresses an air of astonished resentment. France is stigmatized as an obstacle to peace; stupid accusations of militarism and imperialism fill the air. How unjustified such accusations are! So this is where all of M. Briand's attempts at conciliation and all his concessions have led. And reflective Frenchmen are saying to themselves that, in spite of everything, little real progress has been made.

ENGLAND seems to be in better shape. Of course, the Labor Premier has not yet won his battle. During the elections he made so many promises that he is now greatly embarrassed attempting to make good even a few of them. People who believed that an era of prosperity and of happiness was about to dawn have been overwhelming him with their reproaches. The miners in particular, who have a peculiarly stubborn temperament, are demanding immediate satisfaction. Yet, since the Government does not enjoy a majority in the House of Commons, it must remain singularly prudent, all of which is not of happy augury.

Of course in the field of foreign politics, the Prime Minister has covered himself with glory. He is receiving an abundance of praise and the attitude of Mr. Snowden at the Hague was also much admired. Not only did he obtain advantages whose moral value has attracted more attention than their material scantiness, but he freed England from the dangerous influence of France. MacDonald's campaign in America has

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met with an approbation no less great, for he succeeded where others have failed. He has achieved that close union between the two great Anglo-Saxon powers that Great Britain believes to be the foundation stone of her policy and the first essential for her world-wide prestige. And this universal policy of reconciliation which has begun so happily and which includes, among other things, the resumption of diplomatic relations with Russia, is it not going to permit the British Empire to reduce military expenses and to increase its activity, wealth, and influence through peaceful means?

It is interesting to observe that with few exceptions the English newspapers, usually so ready to dwell on the dark side of things, are expressing their satisfaction with the new policies, which they consider national and constructive. But this opinion is not shared by all the rest of the world. Many persons believe that things have gone too fast, they fear that dangerous concessions have been made and imprudent engagements entered into. An old-school Englishman, much occupied with public affairs, talked to me roughly as follows:—

'Don't forget that the arrival of the Labor Party in power will be a misfortune for the country. In order to appease their supporters, they are going to propose social legislation that Parliament will no doubt have the weakness to accept, and that will crush down a little further an already overtaxed nation. Not for ten or twenty years will we be able to measure the destructive effect that these exaggerated policies will have on English life. Mr. Snowden, for instance, is a public danger . . . It is said that the Government, in order to save money, will cut down military expenses, that it will reduce our garrisons and air forces still further. The Government apparently forgets that troubles are unceasingly arising all over our immense empire and that they must be immediately stifled on the spot, and that, if we ever have to wait for troops to arrive from the other side of the world, the danger will have had time to expand and will put us to enormous expense.

'And how about this trip of MacDonald to the United States? He has made inaccurate statements and statements beside the point, but he has said nothing of real importance. Yet there is reason to fear that during his conversations with American statesmen he committed himself to dangerous engagements. I shall say nothing about the question of naval parity. Certainly we cannot afford a new armament race. If a war breaks out it will be up to our sailors, who have an old reputation to defend, to swing the balance of power in our favor. As for the freedom of the seas, are we to be forbidden proclaiming a blockade and policing the oceans? Are we to be robbed of our most useful arm, the arm that enabled us to win so many struggles? As you see, these Laborites are not attuned to the soul of the English nation and one might readily believe that they have no understanding of it. You have observed

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Henderson's weakness with the Bolshevists. Who knows what Moscow is preparing for us?'

ON THIS point, at least, my friend's anxieties seem not to be exaggerated. I have before me a little book that one would search for vainly in England, for it was printed several years ago and all copies of the edition that could be seized were destroyed. It is dated 1920. The title is *Parliament and Revolution*. The author is J. Ramsay MacDonald.

What chiefly characterizes this book is the almost unbounded admiration that the writer professes for the Bolshevists. 'The Russian Revolution,' he says, 'has been one of the greatest events in the history of the world, and the attacks that have been directed against it by the terrified ruling classes and hostile capitalism should rally to its defense all who believe in political independence and freedom of thought.'

Obviously the author believes that the deeds of violence of which the Soviets have been accused were almost all of them calumnious inventions while those that were really committed were the indispensable conditions of a change in régime. The criminal attack of the Allies created the Red Terror and prolonged the dictatorship. Moreover, such methods will be seen to be necessary, since we must, of course, hope that the example of Russia will be followed. Mr. MacDonald admires direct action. He recognizes the right of a minority to create a revolutionary situation, he approves of class war against the members of the bourgeoisie, whom the Red Terror reduced to impotence. All this is merely a means of preparing a better future, because, 'to Bolshevists as to all other people, the suppression of newspapers, the prohibition of public meetings, the dissolution of Parliament, are the only path that leads to a free press, free speech, and free democracy.'

When the British Prime Minister was writing these words, he was of ripe years and his intelligence was at its height. Has he, in the past few years, so far modified his convictions that he is now able to utter in all sincerity the blessings that the telegraph wires are bearing to us? This will give us some idea of his character. Has he preserved his convictions intact? Is he dissimulating his real feelings and his real plans? That would be investing him with a strange degree of insincerity. In any case, Old England will do well not to put too much confidence in the strange outfit that is now guiding its destinies.

And so things go. M. Briand, freed from M. Poincaré, has accentuated his pacifism. Mr. MacDonald, spurred on by the desire for glory, has inaugurated a new foreign policy. Great good should result from it, and perhaps it will, but at the moment the future, which ought to be so luminous, is darkened with uncertainty.

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HOOVER AND THE FOOD SHIPS

French and British Views

Two Leading Editorials

I. A Study in Idealism

By 'Pertinax'

Translated from the *Echo de Paris,* Paris Clerical Daily

MR. HOOVER HAS TAKEN the eleventh anniversary of the Armistice as an opportunity to utter a speech which more than suffices to reveal the abysses between his thought and ours. We defy any Latin not to be stupefied by the line of reason that the President of the United States follows, for he seems to have thrown good sense and logic to the winds. Let us endeavor to follow the detours and contradictions of his bizarre thesis, which we frankly recognize has every likelihood of becoming the precise expression of the aspirations of the American people.

Needless to say, he makes the extraordinary proposition of 'organizing' universal peace. That is the first thesis with which we are presented. The tranquillity of the world is not to be guaranteed by sanctions arranged in advance, but by the mobilization of public opinion in every country against the eventual aggressor. This means reinforcing the Kellogg Pact and signing a multitude of treaties and attending even more conferences, investigations, and judicial sittings. It will also be necessary to bridge certain gaps in the structure of international law and to support the Hague Court, which is day by day building up a new jurisprudence, though we should like to point, in passing, to the imperious reservations that America has attached to its adhesion to that body. No doubt the military spirit and the spirit of aggression, caught like a bird in a snare, will have to succumb. It should also be added that the President criticizes the measures for enforcing peace envisaged in the Geneva pact, vague as they are, implying that whatever their virtues may be they are of no value in the Western Hemisphere, that they are of no use to Americans, and that America will never rally to their support.

This passage is set in juxtaposition to a little analysis of the warlike elements that still exist in the world, but the two themes do not seem to fit very well together. Mr. Hoover certainly did not study in the school of Descartes. There are thirty million armed men in the world to-day,

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ten million more than in 1914. Furthermore, there is no quarter of a century in human history that does not teach us that the possibility of war always exists. Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover declares that he is an optimist, provided his receipt is followed.

Pursuing this thread of deductions, the American President arrives at a practical suggestion, a great discovery, which came to him as a result of the scenes he witnessed during the War. He proposes that ships loaded with food stuffs to the exclusion of all other merchandise should enjoy complete immunity on the sea in war time. The starvation of women and children must no longer be an instrument of war and food ships must be treated like hospital ships. Mr. Hoover then proudly proclaims that if his suggestion—for it is not a formal project—were adopted, the nations that produce less than they consume, such as England, would no longer fear being starved out by a blockade, while nations with an excess of exports, like America, would no longer find themselves shut off from ocean-going commerce. Thus is Anglo-American naval rivalry to be uprooted.

FINE reasoning this, but it hardly stands up under reflection. If we followed the advice of the American President, a European aggressor, already encouraged by the lack of any sanction prepared in advance, would be further stimulated to warlike adventure by the fact that, even if it violated international law, it would escape the punishment whose supreme effectiveness was revealed during the last war. As for England and the United States, we should be surprised if they allowed their food supplies and oversea commerce to depend on such a treaty being executed in good faith. After all, were not hospital ships sunk between 1914 and 1918, even though they were protected by the Red Cross? If Mr. Hoover has so much confidence in public opinion when the day of peril arrives, let him propose the suppression of navies instead of mere limitation. The moment he admits the usefulness of navies and armies he at least recognizes the possibility of war, and in the face of this possibility his edifice tumbles like a house of cards.

It is futile to say that the subject will not be discussed in London, for the mere launching of the idea is in itself enough. The English will participate in the debate on naval parity, but they will never stop wondering what the President of the United States really has in mind. Obviously, they were expecting something quite different when they undertook to have Articles 12 and 15 of the League of Nations Covenant modified, that is to say when they tried to establish the supremacy of Anglo-American naval sanctions. From this point of view, Mr. Hoover's speech does not displease us, and, furthermore, how enjoyable it is to see the idealogue MacDonald running foul of a man who is an even greater idealogue than he!

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II. A Daring Peace Policy

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

MR. HOOVER'S speech on Armistice Day was of extreme importance. The deep feeling with which he discussed the ways of peace was unmistakable; it welled up in passages of a more majestic form than we should have felt justified in expecting from Mr. Hoover. This speech may require and enforce an entirely new attitude toward the methods of peace.

One of the many merits of the speech was that it faced the facts. Although Mr. Hoover spoke as an idealist, and may have been under a sore temptation on Armistice Day to give himself up to sentiment, he cannot have left upon his audience any impression that he thought the road to peace easy.

> You ask 'Is the path that these followed
> Uncertain, or easy and plain?'
> It is easy to find by the milestones
> Built white with the bones of the slain.

No President has ever described the conflict between the traditional views of Great Britain and the United States about the law of the seas more frankly. Yet none has ever described it with a higher resolve to end it.

He has presented the problem, as he said, 'for consideration.' 'Freedom of the Seas' will expressly not be a subject of debate at the forthcoming naval conference, but it must, nevertheless, be hammered out, to use his own words, 'on the anvil of debate' elsewhere. Against the lamentable fact that there are now 30,000,000 men under arms—10,000,000 more than before the War—Mr. Hoover set the fact that there is everywhere a noticeably stronger disposition toward peace. We believe this to be absolutely true. Men will not yet cease to cling desperately to the means of safety which they were brought up to regard as indispensable, but they are only awaiting the assurance that these means are no longer necessary. Our own feeling is that during the past two years there has been a sudden intensifying of the belief that, after all, war on the great scale can definitely be prevented.

The most striking part of Mr. Hoover's speech was that in which he plainly declared his faith that the machinery of peace—arbitration, assured inquiry, judicial rulings, and treaties of good faith renouncing war—will be adequate in itself without the organization of 'sanctions.' He is even opposed to such sanctions as are provided in the League Covenant. This is a startling new idea, a daring challenge to the manner in which European countries have been gradually thinking their way toward peace. When we look back at the Protocol (happily dead and buried) we cannot help reflecting how much wider the gulf would

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have been between the United States and Europe if that proposal for insuring peace by perfecting the arrangements under the League for bringing concerted force to bear upon enemies of the public peace had been accepted. Even as it is, Mr. Hoover has gone very far in disturbing the doctrine, ages old in the civilization of Europe, that law is enforceable only because the necessary physical power of enforcement is behind it. Very likely this doctrine has been exaggerated. The adjustment of civil disputes by legal methods, for example, has become so vast a convenience that people would probably go on using the domestic law courts as the simplest and justest means of settlement, even if there were no army and no police to secure in the last resort that legal decisions shall be observed. For the present, however, Mr. Hoover, progressive though he is, acknowledges that the machinery of peace still requires the assistance of sanctions of some sort. All he means is that he and his countrymen will not coöperate with Europe in building a structure of peace which cannot be supported in the more distant future without sanctions. He shrinks especially from any sanction which involves the starvation of a nation. He speaks with feeling on this subject, as during the War he administered relief in Belgium, and studied such effects of want in children as may be felt for two generations.

TO SUM up this part of Mr. Hoover's reasoning—he has reached the conclusion that public opinion, properly cultivated, will hold the war spirit in subjection. Possibly this tremendous assumption is easier to an American than to one of any other nation, as the Supreme Court of America is without the means of enforcing its decisions; but the assumption is already common here.

In Mr. Hoover's opinion—and we heartily agree with him—the persistent exchange of ideas and of goods between nations is one of the best ways of cultivating the peace-keeping spirit. His argument might be abridged into the one phrase, 'personal contact.' As he mentions goods, we can only hope that sooner or later the lowering of the very formidable American tariff wall will be recognized as one of the more potent aids to peace. Another of his proposals is that the American State Department should be strengthened so as to be better able to organize the treaties and legal instruments of peace. That is a matter for the American people, but any outsider can see the difficulties. Hitherto the Senate has had almost complete control of foreign policy, as it can reject any treaty which is not supported by a two-thirds majority.

Finally, Mr. Hoover touched with complete candor on the ancient and notorious conflict between Great Britain and the United States as to the rights of naval belligerents. His implication that the difference of opinion is still unabated shows that he and the Prime Minister can

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have done little more than make a brief survey of the field. To state the case roughly: Great Britain has been the champion of the fullest possible belligerent rights at sea, and the United States has been the champion of the trading rights of neutrals. Such a naked statement of the historical opposition needs, of course, some qualification. In the American Civil War the Federals found it so necessary to apply the pressure of blockade to the South that they even exceeded the existing British doctrines and invented that of 'continuous voyage.' When America came into the Great War no nation fighting against Germany was more zealous than she for tightening the blockade. Still, in general the issue stands. If the rival doctrines can be brought nearer together in future it may possibly be because the United States will herself not want to dispense with blockade—a simple and inexpensive way of calling to order a troublesome country which has seaboards. The best method, however, of composing all such conflicts is to make them irrelevant. If war is really banned, at least as between great nations, no one need trouble much about the rules under which war is waged.

AGAIN, we have looked far ahead. For the intervening period Mr. Hoover gives us something 'to go on with.' He suggests that all ships laden solely with food be allowed to pass freely in time of war. From the British point of view it will be asked, as it has often been asked before, 'Why should not every sensible person agree to that? Admittedly, Great Britain's chief danger is that she might have her food supplies cut off. What country, then, has more to gain than Great Britain by the free passage of food?' The answer to such seductive questions is, of course, that the rules of war are unfortunately not obeyed, and, further, that the power of inflicting a blockade on other countries is by far the strongest weapon which Great Britain has. Is she quietly to allow that weapon to be struck out of her hand? There is only too much reason, we fear, for saying that attempts to temper war are futile. When one nation has broken the rules, as Germany did in the Great War, all the others must follow. The terrible logic seems to be that war, itself an atrocity, cannot be saved from being atrocious. All the greater reason, then, that war should be banished from the legitimate thoughts of civilized men.

The debate on the Freedom of the Seas must now be considered as formally opened, and we hope that Mr. Hoover's attention will be directed to the attractive proposal made by General Smuts that international law should definitely distinguish between public wars—in other words, police wars—and private wars. Such a distinction would be of very great service in the immediate future. No American would wish to trade with a criminal nation that was being 'rounded up' by the police.

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Mr. Hoover has generously, but firmly, touched on some of our tenderest points. After this neither party to the Anglo-American dispute can say that it has been deceived. The facts are before us. We British people are asked to break up some of the foundations of our political thought. But if that is ever to be done, *now is the time.* We live in a changed world—a world, therefore, that is ripe for changed ideas. We will suggest only one reflection for the general guidance of our readers. In all these matters there is a traceable 'risk,' but by far the greatest of all possible risks for the peace of the world would be a refusal to coöperate with the United States. If the English-speaking races do not stand together morally the world will indeed fall asunder.

THE HUNTER

By Walter De La Mare

From the *London Mercury*

'Why wilt thou take my heart? It fawnlike flies,
'Frighted at clarion of thy hunting cries,
And shrinks benumbed beneath thy jealous eyes.

'Shun these green solitudes, these paths and vales
Where winds the grasses tell their faint-sung tales
Of distant Ocean's secret nightingales;

'Of frail foam-bubbles, spun of light and air,
From glass wherein sirens braid their sun-gilt hair,
Watching their round mouths chant a dying air. . . .

'O arrows, pierce me not! O horns, be still!—
Sweet God, divine compassion have: or kill!'

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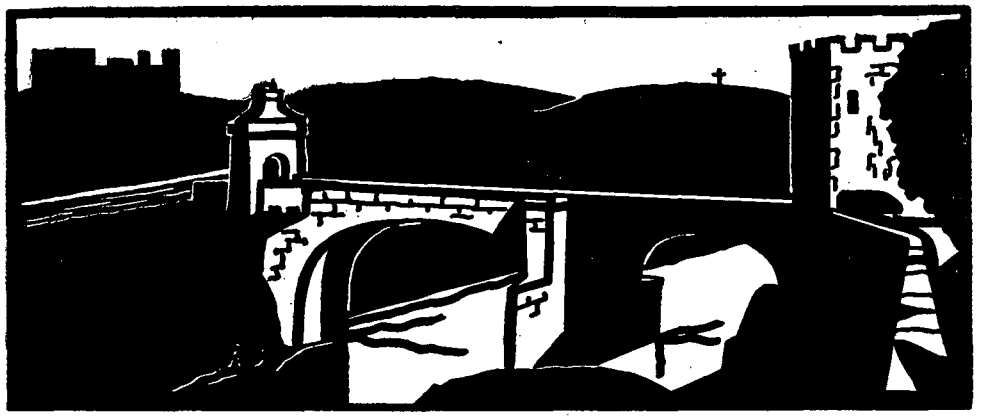

SNAPSHOTS OF SPAIN

The Travel Diary of a Journalist

By Ernst Lothar

Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna Liberal Daily

THIS IS NOT GOING to be a travel article—I shall guard myself against that. I am writing these words merely to prevent myself from forgetting a delightful experience. I do not wish to forget the weeks of rapture and sorrow, of amazement and perplexity that I spent in Spain, and for that reason I shall begin by setting down a few catch words that came to me spontaneously, but that may seem to the reader disjointed and absurd. I shall set down, for instance, catch words about colors, smells, animals, and certain particularly vivid impressions.

Spain is yellow,—an earthy yellow,—and Castile is the color of dry loam. Andalusia and Valencia are baked to a more reddish hue. The soil of Catalonia is brown. Olive oil is the national odor; it follows you everywhere, from the moment you arrive until you leave. The blackish-gray donkey is the national animal of Spain, the donkey and the black goat, and the men who ride these donkeys drag the toes of their shoes along the yellow surface of the soil. Seated on these tiny beasts they look oversized as they ride grotesquely through a fantastic countryside. '*Fantastico*' is the favorite Spanish word, used as often and as vigorously by taxi drivers as by college professors. They point out something in the yellow distance and shout '*Fantastico!*'—and they are right.

Entering the country by train, I open my eyes early in the morning. Everything is different. Yesterday evening the harbor lights of

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Bordeaux were glimmering, but since I closed my eyes on that scene not only has a night passed, but a whole world has dropped away and everything has changed. The very earth is different. The yellowish-gray plateau is scattered here and there with round blocks of granite. The trees are different, too. The rockroses and the holm oak cast dark shadows of grayish-green on a landscape as solitary as that of Africa. One asks oneself, 'Is this Spain?' and one searches in vain for the kind of country that one had expected to discover. For the conventional idea of Spain that one carries in one's mind is actually realized only in Andalusia, and even there the country is not entirely what one had expected it to be. But all other parts of the country show how banal the conventionalized Spain really is. Nowhere does the unwelcome sun, throwing its yellow beams on a yellow landscape, suggest the 'eternal South,' with its traditional atmosphere of gaiety and good cheer. Spain makes an unexpectedly harsh impression. It has a primitive, bleak air. One feels the oppressive weight of bygone centuries, and the most ancient times are the very ones that still live most vividly. In no other part of the world, not even in Rome, have I felt so completely swept back to legendary, heathen days. One feels that those round blocks of stone have been lying here since the beginning of time. Those shadows of grayish-green the trees cast are six thousand years old. In an overnight journey I have attained eternity.

In the distance, a mighty edifice of yellowish-gray rises from the granite rocks of the Guadarrama mountain and this edifice is itself a mountain, mightily organized; for it is the Escorial rising on the horizon —a fortress, an imperial palace, a cathedral, and a mosque, all in one. There it stands, the *Panteón de los Reyes*, where the Spanish kings are buried, and the *Panteón de los Infantes*, which contains the vault of the royal princes. The majesty of death hovers over this noble structure, which itself seems an organic part of the landscape. Built of granite, it rests upon granite. It seems to be hundreds, nay, thousands of years old. Ancient holiness infuses it. It stands at the gateway to Spain, a massive, symbolic portal through which one enters the eternal life of the past.

PRIMO DE RIVERA has invited us to luncheon at the Madrid golf club. He is the man who has made it his task to attune the counterpoint of modern life to the slow music of the past, and to achieve harmony from the two. Spain is indeed a mysterious country, for the foreigner does not even know how to pronounce the name of its capital city. It is not *Madrid*, but *Madrí*, and it is a capital of yesterday and tomorrow. It is growing hour by hour, unceasingly striving to become a metropolis. New buildings are being erected everywhere with a vehement persistence that rapidly embraces all architectural styles. Its

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avenues of skyscrapers remind one of Rio de Janeiro or Berlin but certainly not of Spain. The Puerta del Sol at the centre of the city, where ten noisy streets converge, and the Calle de Alcalá, with its banks, clubs, hotels, cafés, theatres, and business houses, make Madrid look like Western Europe or South America. And like so many other countries Spain has a dictatorship, created by the good-natured gentleman who is now sitting on the terrace of the golf club just like any other habitué.

El Presidente is big and heavy, but graceful. He looks like some old business man with a taste for sport. Under his light gray parted hair his bloodshot eyes dart hither and thither. His nose is broad and fleshy and his mouth long, cutting his face into two contrasting halves. From the mouth upward, good nature prevails; from the mouth downward, sarcasm. This mightiest man in all Spain, who wears a military decoration in the buttonhole of his sack suit, speaks with the eager, jovial voice of a seasoned commander of men, and the French that he is talking he enunciates with a hard accent. After he has shaken hands with the ladies and gentlemen sitting near him, who seem to show him no particular respect, he invites me to sit down with him and have something to eat.

We seat ourselves in an open loggia, where the sun shines in his face. With an eloquent gesture he indicates that the sun bothers him, whereupon the *maître d'hôtel*, without any bowing or scraping, suggests that the dictator sit in the shade. With another eloquent gesture the latter says, 'What is the matter with you? The sun must get out of the way!' And then, being a perfect host, he stops, for the soup has been laid before his guest. He then orders the waiter to bring a couple of flags and some nails, which are promptly procured. '*Bien!*' Another eloquent gesture with his hand and the flags are nailed to the pillars of the loggia. The manœuvre succeeds, the Spanish flag is now hanging over the loggia, and the sun is no longer causing annoyance because the dictator has put it in its place. He then claps his hands, not by way of applause but because this is what all Spaniards do when they want to be served.

One does not leave one's seat if one is annoyed. The source of annoyance is expelled. Now the dictator begins to eat heartily. During our meal, and it lasts for two hours, he asks questions and answers all those that are asked him. 'Unemployment?' Unknown in Spain. Surely everyone can see that business is prospering in Spain and that the country has adapted itself to the present time. 'The Moroccan question?' Long since solved—it no longer exists. 'Pan-Europe?' Quite probable, but it is perhaps more an economic than a political problem. '*Prosit!* This is Amontillado!' This general in civilian clothes shows his appreciation of what he drinks, and also, it may be added, of what he has said.

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BUT this is not Madrid, these high, elegant buildings, these crowds of soldiers on parade, with their long coats, and shakos, and blue and red uniforms whose shiny buttons gleam in the sun as if there were no such things as trenches in the world. Madrid does not express itself in the turbulence of a busy West European city; Madrid is the Prado Museum. Not only is the Prado Museum the most important building in Madrid because it contains the finest collection of pictures in the world, but a visit to it is an experience so profoundly impressive that everything else in the world sinks to the background and loses all importance. In the Prado Museum amazement turns to fascination, enchantment into passion, and earthly things acquire a demonic significance. All the art that I have ever seen, heard, or read about never impressed me as being so elemental, so utterly and rebelliously present as the art that was displayed in this incredible spot. Would that I could describe it in words!

Outside, it is a typical, sunny October day, from which one walks into a vast, bright room. What light! An unearthly emanation streams from Ribera's 'Trinidad.' What flames leap up from the martyrs of El Greco, whose limbs are like tongues of fire, whose hands glow like torches, flaring up to the heavens. Then there is 'Las Meniñas' by Velasquez, in which he has captured the breath of life itself. But the Rotunda is the visitor's real goal. It is the innermost sanctuary of art, and leaves one motionless with amazement, incapable of walking or uttering a single syllable. One goes hot and cold all over, for this is Goya, his own work, familiar enough in reproductions, to be sure, but impossible to duplicate. What an infernal background, what unparalleled complexity! This is no longer painting, this is treason, for he has traduced everyone he has painted here. Their innermost souls are revealed, their past and present are made visible. Look at Carlos IV in his gala uniform of bright red, and observe the voluptuous expression on his sadistic, apoplectic face. Look at that gray portrait of Goya's brother-in-law, Bayeu. There are no such faces as that any more. Look at the gray cheeks, stiff with pride, and the gray satin that he is wearing. They freeze the blood of anyone who comes near them.

AND NOW for the most fantastic city of all, Toledo. An hour's automobile ride brings us from the year 1929 back to the Middle Ages, for that is all the time one needs to go from Madrid to Toledo. At the crossroads a signpost announces that Aranjuez lies to the left and Toledo to the right. We obey its instructions and enter an utterly phantasmagoric world. Already the countryside through which we pass wears a strange aspect. Here and there, near and far, on the wide plains donkeys are walking in circles, always in circles. Single, solitary beasts, hitched to a beam, they walk round and round endlessly, raising water

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from wells. Occasionally peasants with red faces, wearing black Basque hats, are seen trotting behind other donkeys, driven tandem. Some are driving three beasts in a procession, the strongest one walking first and the weaker ones following, each with two baskets hanging from its saddle. It is level country here and the color of the earth remains unvaryingly yellow, and the little hovels that line the road are yellow, too, as if they were seeking to conceal themselves through protective coloring. And, all the while, on the wide surface of this silent plain, black, solitary animals walk in circles from morning to night.

But suddenly, without any transition, without any gradual alteration of the landscape, a city towers ahead of us, out of the fields. Just as a mountain sometimes rises stark and isolated from a level plain, so this self-contained city rises out of the fields and dominates them. It has walls about it and a gate, and when one passes through this gate one leaves modernity outside. The first step brings the first impression of magic. Out of a cloistered house comes a mysterious noise, for in the patio a little procession is marching, a row of little boys and a row of little girls. They lay their hands on each others' shoulders, one behind the other, as they march. Not one of them is over six years old, and they are all destitute and all lovely to look upon. They sing because they are being educated in the paupers' school of San Juan Bautista, and must raise their little voices in praise of the Lord. Nuns of the cloister are leading them and swinging wooden rattles whose sound blends strangely with the singing of the children.

What a fantastic city! From the stone balcony of the church of San Juan de los Reyes one can see it all. The whole town is squeezed on to a granite plateau, girdled by the brown, foaming waters of the River Tajo. Thousands of flat-roofed houses, faded and square, are huddled together. They have almost no windows and their balconies are protected by iron lattices. Furthermore, these houses are so close to one another that there is not room in the streets for four men to walk abreast. This fantastic city has made no concession to time, not the smallest. It has set itself apart from time and preserved its Moorish and ancient Castilian atmosphere in all its dark strength. History reëchoes to every footstep, for this is the city of the Cid, the Spanish Rome, the stronghold of the archbishops and of the Mendoza, the imperium of that intransigent churchman whose pride Philip II could not tolerate.

THE cathedral of Toledo still stands, a monument to their pride. Its foundation stone was laid in 1227 and it continues to radiate such regal strength and such insolent pomp that one readily understands why kings could not rule in its presence and had to take up residence elsewhere. Treasure of every kind is amassed in this church. Its pillars are of silver or of jasper, its ceilings of alabaster, its paintings by El

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Greco. The jewels of the *Arabian Nights* lie in its coffers. The nave of the church has five vaults where twilight ever lingers. It is so lofty that footsteps do not sound in it; only one monotonous, constantly repeated voice breaks the silence, and what a voice it is! Seventy-two chaplains are praying in the choir, which is separated from the transept by a lofty bronze grating. Only one word falls from their murmuring lips: '*Domine.*' Again and again with short pauses, their voices keep singing this one word, '*Domine.*' At their feet, in front of the grating that separates the priests from the profane world, squats an ancient sacristan. If one approaches him, his face stiffens and he thumps his crooked stick angrily on the tiled floor. 'Get out,' that means. This rattling on the floor and the cry of '*Domine*' blend mysteriously. But outside in the world from which we fled it is mysterious, too, for El Greco's house stands on the quiet little square. It is here that a certain Dominico Theotocopuli, born in Crete and therefore called '*El Greco,*' came in 1604 and stayed until his death. One can still see his cactus garden, his sleeping room, the room where he painted, and his kitchen. In this dark, miserable little barred-in prison he did his work, and when one sees his 'Burial of Count Orgaz' in the church of Santo Tomé, one perceives how little genius needs to realize itself.

In the kitchen lies a cookbook, with a receipt in it for *pastel de ranas*, frog pie. This Greek from Crete had opened the book at this place, and here it remains just as he left it three hundred years ago. But who could consider mere centuries a long time in a house like this?

We then walk a few steps down the narrow street to the Plaza de la Constitución, and from there up a few steps to the Posada de la Sangre, a resting place for travelers. A balustrade stands in its little court around the door of a room, making a stall about the door, a real stall of Bethlehem. There is a crib in this stall, and on the left a white mule and on the right a black one are bending over it, while above the door is a tablet on which is written, '*El major de los ingenios Españoles, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra,*' for he lived here when he was a tax collector.

To-day traveling people and wine growers dwell where the tax collector Cervantes lived two centuries ago. One stands rapt in astonishment until a clock strikes. What curious clocks they have in this fantastic city, clocks striking their hours as if they were centuries! And what a mysterious note lingers in the ring of that bell: '*Domine. . . !*'

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Book Censorship in France

THE SUPPRESSION OF *Candide* in Boston gave Paris an excellent laugh, but the fact that the French authorities still consider six of Baudelaire's poems an outrage to public morals seems to be arousing less merriment. To be sure, M. Louis Barthou, who is a member of the French Academy, was endeavoring to remedy the situation from his point of vantage as Minister of Justice in the Briand cabinet, but since Tardieu has chosen another man to fill his place in the new Government, his recent efforts have gone for naught. What M. Barthou had proposed doing was to allow any book whose publication had been forbidden by the courts to be given another chance twenty years after it had first incurred displeasure, the matter to be brought to court only by the Société des Gens de Lettres.

This does not mean that censorship in the New England sense flourishes on the soil of France. The charter that followed the Revolution of 1830 announced that 'the Censorship can never again be established'—a declaration that was not strictly kept until 1910. What does happen, though, in the case of objectionable books is that the ordinary courts can prosecute an author and publisher for '*outrage à la morale publique*' and this was the fate that Baudelaire met when his *Fleurs du Mal* first appeared in 1857. Several fines were imposed—the largest was 300 francs—and six poems were ordered suppressed.

The result was that for the next fifty-four years no openly published collection of Baudelaire's works contained the six offending pieces, but when they finally were included in a definite edition brought out in 1911, no prosecutions followed. Again, in 1917, when the copyright on all his works had lapsed, the six poems once more appeared, again without trouble. Indeed, the authorities paid no attention to the matter until a single edition was announced for sale at an auction and advertised as containing the forbidden poems. It appeared, however, that the reason for this official action was that the authorities feared that authors of really pornographic works would feel themselves free to publish their efforts if this past conviction were openly flouted.

But the Société des Amis de Baudelaire, inspired by the influential critic, Fernand Vandérem, was not satisfied and demanded in 1925 that the judgment of 1857 be revised. The Ministry of Justice refused, but when Barthou came into office he saw to it that an amendment was drafted, pivoting on the *Fleurs du Mal* case. Incidentally, the same government that prosecuted Baudelaire also made an unsuccessful attempt to ban *Madame Bovary*, but their efforts only caused the book to enjoy an enormous sale. It may well be, therefore, that the collapse of the Briand cabinet will turn out, in a roundabout way, to be a boon for that kind of literature for which France is uniquely renowned.

Dueling in Germany

THE JUNKER ARISTOCRATS of Germany have had a hard time of it all around since the War and it now begins to look as if the sins of the fathers would be visited on their unfortunate sons, who are likely to be forbidden the

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pleasure of hacking their faces to shreds in university duels. Various unsuccessful attempts have been made to do away with the privilege of self-mutilation which has hitherto been the unique property of the upper class, but the only noticeable result, so far, is that there are no more newspaper advertisements of people who 'cut students' faces artificially so that the appearance is genuine.' In these decadent days the would-be hero must either engage in sword play himself or do the best he can with his old safety-razor blades.

Reformers have attacked the institution of dueling as 'detrimental to the progress of working students' and they have pointed out that the Reich now subsidizes every university student in the country to the equivalent of $250, yet has no part in moulding his character or, what is perhaps even more important, in disfiguring his face. The old-fashioned type of corporation remains the kernel of German university life and its members still rig themselves up in high boots, feathers, and gauntlets. Many of these organizations date back to the Middle Ages and their members look with contempt upon the Jewish, Socialist, anti-alcoholic, and Communist groups that admit anybody but forbid fighting.

No red-blooded American needs to be reminded of the evils of the effete practice of dueling. The atmosphere of 'beer, tobacco, and iodoform' to which certain German reformers take exception must be equally repugnant to patriotic nostrils on this side of the Atlantic. Yet, in the face of all objection,—and, to be precise, in their own faces,—the ancient societies still indulge, though a trifle obscurely, in their ancient rites. And, what is more, they even apologize for such conduct, pointing out that they teach the young men of Germany to be able to consume large quantities of alcohol with composure and to bear both the pain and the sight of bloodshed without flinching. Such craven qualities are not, however, to be tolerated under the Republic and a movement has lately been started to imprison for three months any students who go for each other with swords. In case this strong measure does not stamp out the superstition that only a German with scars on his face is a gentleman, then there will be no other course but to equip the socially backward with suitable weapons and let them carve out their own careers.

The 'Journey's End' Manuscript at Auction

WILSONIAN IDEALISM must have taken on a new lease of life now that Mr. R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End*, has had the manuscript of his play sold at auction and the proceeds turned over to the League of Nations Union. The sale itself, presided over by Lord Robert Cecil and accompanied by speeches from General Smuts and Philip Snowden, received widespread attention, and the modest author might have been even more inconspicuous than he was had not the *Morning Post* sent one of its interviewers around to see him at the London theatre where the eighteenth road company of the play was going through its rehearsals. Originally, the big cities of the Midlands and the North had intended to wait for the London troupe, but since the play seems to be good for another season still another company had to be assembled to meet the public demand.

Mr. Sherriff greeted his visitor by showing him a map of the world, dotted thickly with flags placed in every city where *Journey's End* was playing or where it had played, and he also produced the manuscript, an assortment of five hundred pages—some of them foolscap, others leaves from a ledger, and still others quarto sheets. He then told in a few words how he had written the play:—

> Had I known that the manuscript would ever be of the slightest interest to anyone besides myself, I should certainly have taken more care in its making. As it was, the manuscript was written for my eyes alone and it is naturally rather a confusing affair to anyone else. I began the play at Selsey,

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and the first act took me, as far as I remember, about four months. I continued the work at different places, and, looking back on it all, I am a little hazy about where and when I worked.

My method was this. I would write nothing of a scene until it was fairly formed in my imagination. Sometimes it would take months to form. When finally I was ready the scene would go down in pencil as fast as I could write. Sometimes I wrote so rapidly that I could not decipher what I had written the next day. I would revise the first draft of each scene perhaps a dozen times before typing it, and then possibly the typescript would be revised many times again and have to be retyped.

The New Italian Academy

THE NEW ITALIAN ACADEMY, founded some months ago by Mussolini, has been inaugurated in one of the famous Renaissance palaces of Rome, the so-called Villa Farnesina, the home of the Chigis and Farnesios. The new association has four sections, devoted respectively to physical and natural science, political science, fine arts, and literature, with an organization which is similar to that of the French Academy, although it is well to remember that the tradition for such institutions existed in Italy before it found its way to France.

The new Academy gives the arts and sciences a formal position in the Fascist world and may be considered a direct expression of the present régime, as thirty of the forty members who are to wear the prescribed blue and silver uniforms were chosen by the dictator, while the remaining ten will be designated by the other members, subject, however, to government approval.

The Fascist character of the Academy is in keeping with a tradition that has always fused letters and politics in Italy. Fascism found its way prepared for it in the minds of the people by the early poems of D'Annunzio, who sang of Force, Life, and Youth so successfully that these themes still live in the speeches of modern Italian orators. Mussolini himself is a littérateur in action, whose rhetoric and trick of turning a political meeting into a historical pageant have endowed the exercise of power with a stylized ritual.

But the men whom the dictator has chosen to form the bulwark of artistic tradition in Italy are curiously enough the same radicals who were his friends in the days when he himself was fighting the established order. Clarinett, who presides over the section devoted to literature, is, or was, a pronounced futurist, and Marinetti, another member, is famous for his manifesto of 1912, which proclaimed the need of destroying syntax, suppressing adjectives and adverbs, and declaring war on punctuation. Like Mussolini, the new literary members, therefore, find themselves in the awkward situation of defending a position that they once attacked.

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WITH THE RED ARMY TO MANCHURIA

An Italian Journalist on the Far Eastern Front

By Corrado Tedeschi

Translated from *La Stampa,* Turjn Daily

WE HAVE BEEN ON THE TRAIN for seven days. The Trans-Siberian Railroad is like the diameter of an immense circle whose vast horizon keeps renewing itself as we proceed, verst by verst, meadow by meadow, forest by forest, monotonous, gray, interminable. At times the car comes to a full stop and the mournful Asiatic steppes lie flat and dusty beneath spiraling flights of crows. The whistle blows, a typical Russian train whistle that sounds like a hoarse fog horn, and the noise seems to stir up a dense cloud of dust on the horizon. Horses shut for seven days in the freight cars behind us neigh and stamp impatiently while we wait. Then the train jolts and we go slowly on our way again to meet the gathering cloud of dust on the horizon ahead.

To-night we have stopped for an hour or so by a little station set at the edge of a dark forest of stunted fir. An enormous purple moon rises rapidly in a veil of green mist from behind the immense forest. My traveling companion, Mikhail Ivanov, a young officer of the Far Eastern Red Army, who is going to Khabarovsk to rejoin the general headquarters of Commander Blücher, invites me come with him to see the troops. Mikhail Ivanov is tall and well built, with the face of a smiling boy and an athletic body. As we alight, soldiers are already running down the length of the train toward the station, where a great fire is burning. The reflection of the flames illuminates the noisy crowd of

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men who are warming themselves here, laughing and shouting, buoyed up by the hope of a hot cup of tea. 'Over here, tea, tea!' they cry all around us. The horses on the end of the train neigh hungrily, and another chorus of neighs responds from beyond the station near the forest, where more horses are tied by their heads in a circle.

On the farther side of the station waiting room a group of Red guards, dressed in olive-gray uniforms with high boots and dark leather belts, presses around a bearded soldier who is playing one of those characteristic Russian melodies, plaintive and rich, with a nostalgic strain that seems to have survived through the centuries in the soul of this impetuous, sad people. Suddenly the long, hoarse whistle of the train interrupts the song, and we go back with the soldiers, who regard me curiously. 'Stranger,' says one; 'Bourgeois,' says another, in a loud voice, staring and smiling at me. 'Don't be offended,' says Mikhail Ivanov, 'if they call you bourgeois. It's as good a way as any other of showing their sympathy,' and he laughs, slapping me on the back.

Now the train again jolts forward and moves slowly along the interminable steel tracks, where the purple moon is reflected. From the next compartment a strong, warm voice sings, 'Farewell, Fatherland,' a sad Russian song full of heart-rending foreboding.

'That song,' says Mikhail Ivanov, 'was forbidden in the days of the Tsar. It's the song of Siberian exiles, the condemned prisoners' farewell to their old village, their children, and their wives.'

'And now it is a song for Red soldiers on their way to war,' I observe.

The young officer smiles at me. 'Bourgeois!' he repeats and offers me a cigarette.

CERTAINLY these care-free and jovial Bolshevik youths, riding to Manchuria as if to war, and at the same time marveling at the fury of the Chinese, do not possess the savage appearance which English correspondents in Peking and Mukden complacently attribute to the soldiers of the Soviet Republic. They look like conscripts on their way to camp, and no one would say, seeing these rosy-cheeked generals of twenty-eight, sons of kulaks or ex-workers, or these tall, twenty-year-old soldiers, with their slow movements, huge faces, and contagious smiles, that this was the proletarian army that is destined, in the fevered imagination of the Kremlin, to be the instrument of world-wide revolution.

Doubtless they are real soldiers, and doubtless they want to fight, for that is the way of youth. One can easily imagine them under the clear porcelain skies of ancient China, battling the little yellow cohorts of the corrupt Nanking generals, new Russia against new China. But it is harder to see them in conflict with the old soldiers of Europe, veterans of the World War, sons of a powerful and ripe civilization, stubbornly defending ancient traditions.

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Mikhail Ivanov stands before me, officer and Bolshevik from top to toe. He smiles as he calls me 'bourgeois.' And he discusses Mussolini, whom he imagines as a dark and gloomy figure, like the men of the Kremlin. When I speak of his warm human qualities and of how easily the Italian people can approach him, he is surprised and incredulous. 'Are you serious?' he exclaims and his surprise reveals the whole naïveté of this sudden cultural overthrow.

Before Mikhail Ivanov, I experience a deep pride in being European and Italian. I feel that this revolutionary army, massed against the ancient East under the Red flag of Lenin, does not consider itself one of the dominating races of Europe. And the pride of being European is the only force with which young Russia can conquer timid, decrepit Asia.

We spend over nine days traveling from Moscow to Khabarovsk with hardly any rest. A few versts from Khabarovsk the train stops in an open field. It is still night but the eastern sky is pale with the first signs of dawn. A faint light spreads like a slow mist over the land, revealing the contours of trees, the soft, rolling country, the tall grass and patches of bush. A few houses, tiny white cubes with the characteristic silhouette of Chinese cabins, stand out here and there from the shadows beside the roadbed.

I put my head out the window and look toward the engine, where a group of excited soldiers are shouting angrily and are apparently pounding the butts of their guns on the tracks. My companion also awakes, leans out, and looks at them.

'We're here,' he says. 'We'll be in Khabarovsk in half an hour.'

At this point the train shakes itself like an awakened animal, and rolls toward a distant point of light—Khabarovsk.

'I hope,' says Mikhail, 'that the General Commander will authorize me to accompany you as you gather information. I'd be your guide, as I know the country well, and it would be a pleasure to be of service to you in your task as a reporter.'

MIKHAIL IVANOV is the best of traveling companions. He is not a highly cultivated man, his father having been a textile worker who had the intelligence to enroll his son in the Military School so that he could become an army officer, a privileged position in Soviet Russia. Nevertheless, he is intelligent and eager to learn. He is open to ideas, and, as a pronounced Communist, has proved invaluable as an interpreter and adviser. I might even add that I owe him my life, for if he had not been with me in my compartment my poor little bourgeois soul might have ascended to heaven, like that of Romulus, in a cloud of dust. The point was that I had been told to keep the windows shut tight or my lungs would be choked. These instructions I was in-

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clined not to obey, and would doubtless have come to an untimely end had Mikhail not kept me from opening the windows. For dust is so thick along the Russian railroad that the train seems to be traveling in a cloud. It enters through every crack in the doors and windows and covers the car and the passengers with a gray film. Our mouths feel as if they were full of mud, our nostrils become stopped up and we breathe with a strange whistle. 'And all this,' I was told in Moscow, 'is nothing compared with the dust one breathes when traveling in China, the dustiest country in the world.'

This nuisance the passengers of the *Graf Zeppelin* escaped in their flight over Asiatic Russia, but to a newspaper man the spectacle of Siberia seen through a cloud of dust is intensely interesting. One seems to be witnessing a continuous succession of dim photographs: rivers, woods of light birch and dark pine, interminable heaths covered with reddish grass and bushes where wild horses occasionally emerge, their manes flying in the wind, as they gallop along the track. Everything looks shadowy and assumes the tone of certain delicate eighteenth-century prints I had admired in a Moscow museum.

Silhouetted against the sky are occasional Cossacks, in black mantles and high fur caps with double cartridge belts across their breasts, riding bareback on their little long-tailed horses, and tribesmen wrapped in robes of multicolored silk. But the dust from the train blurs the outlines of all these figures.

At long intervals we pass small stations, all exactly alike, with squat, ugly houses around them. After Krasnoyarsk, when the steppe has give way to tundra, the landscape becomes smothered by trees and the track seems to be lost. Goats and cows graze peacefully in the tall meadow grass around the houses.

The countryside is deserted, for the whole population comes to the station to see the train stop. They are a simple, hospitable folk. I have often entered the restaurant of a station to be met with general curiosity, and then suddenly someone, a soldier or a mujik, would offer me his bread or a bowl of soup. A smile or a word of my bad Russian is greeted with eager hospitality.

AFTER winding through Eastern Mongolia for the comparatively short distance of 2,000 kilometres, the railroad forks at Chita. One branch follows the River Amur, in Russian territory, and the other crosses into Manchuria. It is at this point that the Chinese have seized control, causing the present conflict. The Russian trains are now forced to go by way of the Amur, which adds nearly a thousand kilometres to the run from Chita to Vladivostok, but the passengers do not seem to mind this detour, and intentionally ignore the struggle that is taking place only a few miles away. While tea is served and cushions are being

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arranged for the night, skirmishes are occurring the whole length of the Amur line. At Blagovyeshchensk cannons boom, and a little farther on our bullet-proof train enters the field of action.

At the sound of battle, my traveling companion becomes more attentive, looking fixedly into the distance. Then he turns back to me and showers me with explanations. Like all Bolshevik officers, Mikhail Ivanov is habitually polite, with that courtesy which characterizes the officers of any country.

Simply because Bolshevik officers belong to a proletarian army recruited largely from workers or from the sons of rich peasants, they are by no means free from military caste spirit. Almost invariably of proletarian origin (although the *gros bonnets* of the Tsar's army are not rare), they have been called by their technical ability to serve the Red flag. But, although the officer's proletarian origin keeps alive in him a sense of class solidarity, a sense which is proudly anti-bourgeois and anti-European, it does not completely down the particular pride which is also found in bourgeois armies. In short, a Red army officer is first an officer, and secondly a proletarian, just as an officer of any other army is first of all an officer, and secondly a bourgeois. They feel that they are soldiers of the revolution, ready to die for the defense of Communism, but this sense was not developed in the barracks, as the orthodox Marxians believe; instead, it arose on the field of battle during the years of civil warfare. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that the mentality of a Russian officer does not vary in the least from that of a bourgeois officer in regard to duty, loyalty, love of tradition, and a feeling of superiority toward any other class of citizens.

As we leave the train at Khabarovsk I perceive that Commander Blücher was not concerned with comfort when he selected a site for the headquarters of the Far Eastern Army. The road from the station to the town above the hill is a river of mud, and we climb it as if we were fording a stream, in a rickety carriage that threatens to overturn at every bump.

But though Khabarovsk is not very comfortable, it is certainly strategic, situated, as it is, on the Amur, near the spot where that river flows into the Sungari. The town itself is still in the process of construction. A few years ago it was little more than a village, but it has grown in importance since it began to use intelligently its surrounding natural resources. Virgin, unexplored forests have turned into farms run by Russian Jews who have forsaken business for agriculture.

But, like all rapidly growing cities, Khabarovsk suffers from overcrowding. Unable to find a room at any kind of hotel, I am now quartered with a Russian reporter, and the Japanese correspondent of the *Tokyo Asahi* is visiting me at this moment. No doubt my tiny room will presently become an international press headquarters.

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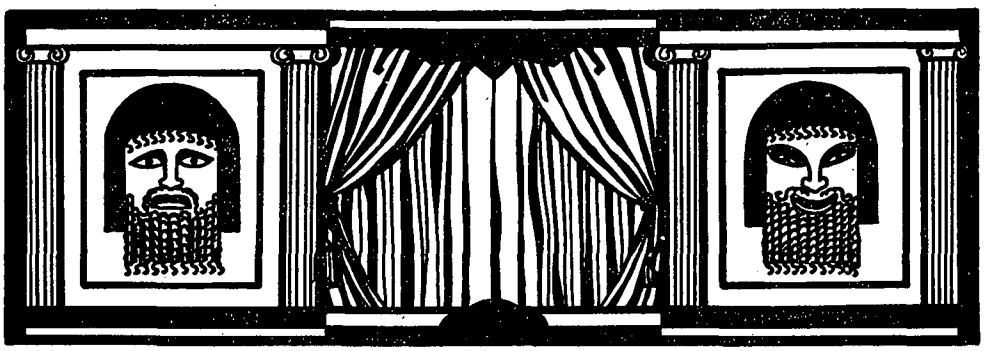

DEFINING THE DRAMA

By St. John Ervine

From the *Observer*, London Sunday Journal

WHEN I WAS IN NEW YORK I went off one morning to talk to the students at Columbia University on the eternally debated topic of the drama. The taximan dropped me at a door which, I thought, made a poor entrance to a university, but I modestly assumed that he, being a New Yorker, knew better than I did which was the proper entrance to Columbia. So I passed through the door and presently found myself in the kitchen, where a negro asked me what my business might be. I mentioned the name of the official who had invited me to the University and was requested to wait where I was while he went to find somebody who could attend to me. There was a very pleasant odor in that kitchen and, since there was nobody about, I was tempted to take the lid off one of the pots and taste its contents; but before I could muster up enough spirit to do so the negro returned, accompanied by a white girl, who said to me, 'Are you the man who has come about the washing machine?' I hated to disappoint her, but I had to reply, 'No, I'm the man who has come to talk about the drama!' The light left her eyes at that announcement, and I realized that men of action must ever be preferred to men of words.

It was an abashed person who followed at her heels as she led me to Columbia's proper entrance. In her world, a mere gabbler is put in his place, which is infinitely inferior to that of the skillful chap who can cope with the difficulties of washing machines and make reluctant wheels revolve. But she had punctured my pride, and it was a very spiritless fellow who addressed the students on that morning at Columbia. My discomfiture was complete when at the end of my rambling and discursive address a girl came to me and said, 'Mr. Ervine, I am taking the drama course here. What is your definition of drama?' That

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finished me. I can write about the drama; I can even write a drama, though some would deny both this and that; but I cannot define it. 'What a dud professor you are!' I mournfully informed myself.

BUT after I had left Columbia and was sitting in Central Park attempting to recover my spirits, I wondered whether, after all, there was any advantage in being able to define the drama. These are times when people fondly believe that everything can be taught, and there are intelligent persons who live in the delusion that to be able to define a thing denotes that you are able to do it. Thousands of educated men and women innocently imagine that they can become artists, and train others to become artists, by the simple process of reducing art to a set of rules and regulations. Mix your paints in this manner on that sort of palette and apply them to this kind of canvas with that kind of brush and you will become a painter—not, perhaps, such a good painter as Michelangelo, but still a painter of a sort. Take a course of instruction in play-making, and after twelve lessons you will have all the established dramatists shivering in their shoes while managers fall over themselves in their eagerness to make contracts with you. There are professors who actually offer, without a blush of shame on their cheeks, to teach youths and maidens how to become journalists, when everybody who is anybody knows that a journalist is a person who has been specially created.

The young lady who asked me to define the drama for her seemed to attach importance to definitions. But supposing that I had been able, in twenty or thirty words, to define it, would she or anyone else have been better off? Definers are seldom performers, and I have met distinguished authors who were almost incapable of talking intelligently on craftsmanship. I am suspicious of gentlemen who can tell you exactly how plays should be written. They have probably tried, and failed, to write plays. Some blundering fellow who has never heard of the law of suspense will come along and write a masterpiece, while an erudite professor who has read all the plays that have been written and can tell you exactly where Shakespeare goes wrong and Molière fails will produce a piece, if, that is to say, he succeeds in producing one at all, which will cause both the judicious and the unjudicious to grieve.

IT IS perhaps natural that in an age of mass production of material things people should think that there can be mass production of immaterial things, but I should have thought that the essentially individual character of any work of art would be apparent to the simplest intelligence. Nobody can teach anyone how to see things, and since any work of art is the result of the way in which a particular person looks at life and an expression of what he sees in it, it follows that there cannot be any irrefragable rules and regulations about the way in which a work

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of art shall be made. The accumulated experience of mankind enables us to say that there are rules and regulations which work pretty well, that there are even rules and regulations which may not be broken with impunity, but to say that is not to say that the rules and regulations are fixed and cannot be broken at all.

The authentic artist makes his own laws and breaks them whenever he has a mind to break them. The authentic artist, in brief, is at once a lawmaker and a lawbreaker. He is the final individualist to whom things done in common are generally damnable. He is ready to acknowledge that communal effort is necessary in certain respects, but he is inclined to believe that on the whole individual effort is always preferable to communal effort. He does not want every man to have his own railroad or his own sewage system or his own king, but he does want every man to have his own mind and his own point of view and his own way of going to places. Others may be willing to have standardized minds, but he insists on possessing *his*, and speaking it, whatever the personal cost may be. He is sometimes called an egoist, but he rightly calls himself an aristocrat.

Is it not obvious, then, that there cannot be a system of easily apprehended rules and regulations which will enable a student to compose a piece of music or write a play or novel or paint a picture or carve a statue in a masterly manner? You may observe how other men have painted pictures or written plays, and even detect their mannerisms so skillfully as to be able to repeat them, but you will not impress the world by reporting another person's vision; you can only hope to impress it by reporting your own. All creative artists become tiresome to other people because they are unwilling to join herds and decline to have their minds standardized. Few people like solitary persons. The fact that a man prefers his own company to yours is insulting to you, and when an individual informs the community that he likes his own ideas better than the community's, the community feels inclined to put him in prison. For, presently, if they are not careful, he will attempt to impose his ideas on the community, and the history of mankind proves that sooner or later he succeeds.

THE problem that continually embarrasses the community is how to use the artist without being abused by him. The community knows that some very silly fellows imagine that they are creative artists when they are merely cantankerous cusses, and suppose themselves to be making art when they are only making a nuisance. That is why the community very properly makes life exceedingly hard for artists. 'If you are going to alter me, you must first prove that you have a right to alter me by proving that you are better than I am. And, by Heaven, I'll make you sweat before you succeed!' In the sweating process the silly fellows

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are soon eliminated. They shout and squeal, and then, throwing up their hands, say, 'Oh, damn!' and enter the Civil Service. But the genuine fellow will not be down-daunted by adversity or hindered by persecution. Neither poverty nor neglect can stifle his utterance or close his eyes, nor can any ridicule divert him from his purpose. He has this thing to say, and he will say it though a host should forbid him to speak.

What, ladies and gentlemen, is the good of defining the drama for such a one? How futilely one would draw up a list of rules and regulations for him! Send Eugene O'Neill to Harvard to study the drama's 'laws' under Professor Baker, and what is the first thing that Eugene O'Neill does when he departs from Harvard? Why, he breaks all the 'laws' that he was taught. There is, undoubtedly, some benefit to be gained by observing how other men did their work, but it is slight. In the last resort, I can only see in my own way, and no amount of telling will enable me to see it in Shakespeare's or Molière's or any other person's. The community can, of course, kill me if it does not like my way of looking at things, but it cannot correct my vision. I alone can do that. And killing a man is sometimes the surest way of making him immortal. The young lady, I suggest, will be better able to write drama if she does not try to define it.

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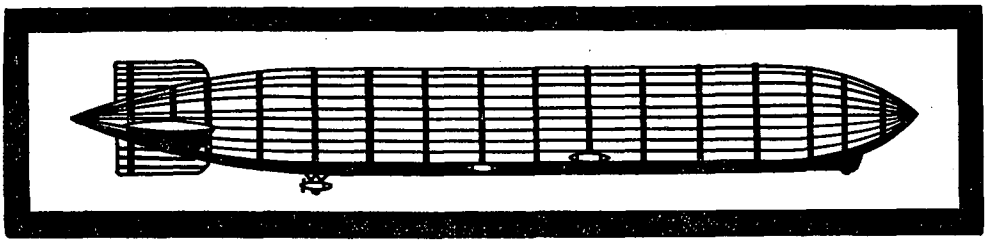

THROUGH SPACE IN A ZEPPELIN

By Hans Roelli

Translated from the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, Swiss Liberal Daily

IT IS EIGHT O'CLOCK of an evening in late autumn. Night and fog penetrate the vast, dimly lit hangar. The dirigible still lies motionless, but in the motor gondolas, in the pilot's room, and at the rudder the crew stands ready. We clamber up the wooden steps to the interior of the ship and wander, full of curiosity, through the brightly lighted salon into the cabins that have been assigned to us. There are sleeping compartments for two occupants, like those on a railway train, except that these here are better adapted to the sweeping, free motions of a dirigible.

A few brief commands and then many hands seize the ship, and soon we find ourselves gliding slowly down the runway into the night. Now a hundred arms thrust us upward and at the same time the propellers are started. We rise proudly and steadily. The faces of the people left beneath grow blurred in the fog, they move like phantoms, their words of farewell sound dim and distant. And all the while the motors work calmly, with a muffled, measured sound, like a waterfall flowing steadily, night and day.

The fog vanishes, then collects again, forming beneath us a flat, curiously milky surface which assumes many forms. We seem to be approaching the stars. The black shadow of the ship accompanies us faithfully, darkening mysterious thickets, falling silently over weary homes, and dimming momentarily the faint street lights. The recorder registers an altitude of a thousand metres and my neighbor, attracted like me by the violence of the wind, has leaned out to see what he can see. He cries excitedly: 'Lakes!' But they are merely great expanses of pale fog, whose shapes keep changing. A village directly beneath us is holding a fair. Golden, blue, and red lights flare up. Writing appears in

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the sky, then vanishes. A dark mass on the ground stands out clearly. I detect faces turned up toward us.

Now distances seem remote and almost as soon as I have perceived something I am in the midst of it. Suddenly a thousand searchlights, artificial constellations, and crescent moons emerge from the darkness, disappear and focus again. We are sailing over Munich, over the rigid network of tracks converging on the railway station. Blocks of houses look like tremendous pieces of coal whose sides glow red and gold. Beacons glimmer in greeting and searchlights dazzle us.

IT IS midnight. My friends have gone to sleep, leaving me alone in the darkness. The miraculous soft depths below and the sense of infinity in the stars and sky above give me a feeling of release—I myself am soaring in space. Remote, pale mountains and a small, solitary tree directly underneath become vaguely merged in close communion. There is no certainty of place, no definite image impresses itself upon the mind. Above, the moon is smiling and my soul soars from star to star, from undulation to undulation and from fulfillment to fulfillment.

At two o'clock in the morning we glide over silent Vienna, at four o'clock we are above Budapest, and at six we reach Yugoslavia, just as dawn is breaking over vast, gray, lifeless plains. The Danube, hitherto our companion, has now deserted us and the countryside unveils itself more and more as golden heaps of grain break the monotony of the roughly plotted fields. The farms look like islands, prettily set off by the green fields surrounding them or by sharply defined walls. The dirigible, flying lower now, strikes terror into the hearts of teams of oxen. A peasant gapes at us in astonishment; white flocks of geese scatter like snow before the wind; ducks dive under the water to conceal themselves, but remain visible because, from our altitude, we are easily able to see to the very bottom of clear water, and into the depths of gorges and ravines.

At last the weary monotony is broken. Before us the meeting place of two rivers, the Danube and the Save, shines in the early morning mist. We then pass over an island of white sand and come to threatening fortifications, garrisons, houses clinging closely together, streets that diverge and meet again. There are towering churches and mosques, and black boats crowd one another along the river banks and promenades. This is Belgrade. Swarms of airplanes reel under and over us as we fly over the airport and on into the city at full speed, while excited crowds watch us below. The Danube shows us our route, and chequered fields stretch beneath us, reminding me of a chessboard. Now and then there are suggestions of hills, but flat land predominates. It is only in the south that one can see the peaks of a few fairly high mountains rising from the plain.

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The sun blazes forth, dispersing the fog, until there is nothing left but a rarefied violet haze in the distance. We reach Sofia, which lies near the Yugoslavian border, and find that it has a more urban character than Belgrade, for it is laid out in well-defined streets. The small houses keep a respectful distance from the splendid cathedral with its lofty domes of green and gold. People are running about and waving agitatedly and I imagine that I see mountain ash trees covered with red berries in one of the streets, but they prove to be great baskets of brilliant tomatoes. Aviators fly along beside us for a time and finally leave us in a series of daring manœuvres.

The mountains of the western Balkans remind me in places of the Tessin Alps at the edge of the wide plain of the Po River, and we are amazed at their tremendous gorges and narrow, precipitous ravines. Soon, however, the savage country becomes tranquil again, and instead of corrals for cattle we see comfortable villages looking like round, reddish-white targets against the gray-brown of the landscape. It would take a traveler days to cross this boundless plain, so vast that it hurts our eyes to look at it, for we are not accustomed to such wide expanses of land. By way of change, therefore, I follow Captain von Schiller along the gallery to gaze directly down through the hatchways at the rushing earth beneath, and then scramble up to the motor gondolas, which are shaped like honey baskets and which swing free and clear though they are securely attached to the ship. I allow someone to teach me what manner of dirigible I am in and I learn that the *Graf Zeppelin* is 772 feet long and that it has fourteen gas chambers and five Maybach motors of 530 horse power each. On long flights forty men are needed on board and there is room for twenty-five passengers. Large water containers hang along the sides of the gallery. These form the ballast and are emptied if the ship loses carrying power.

ONE of the observers utters a cry which draws us to the left side of the cabin and in the distance we see the flame of a burning oil well wavering softly in the air, incredibly straight and tall. Its light spreads over the pale hills in streaks of violet and rose, and it looks like a gigantic fiery flower swaying gently in the grasp of a mysterious breeze. Later, as we turn toward the Transylvanian Alps over some bare hills of faded green and red our attention is arrested by blood-red spots which are the roofs of houses, and by vineyards and autumn woods. The white royal castle of Sinaïa emerges from the depths of the forest, protected by precipitous cliffs. Soon, however, fog closes in again, effectively concealing the view. There is gloom and a menace in the air and we can see traces of snow. The wind screams all about us and a cloud breaks, scattering itself along the shining bow of the ship. Dr. Eckener now takes the control. The dirigible sustains one shock after

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another, yielding a little each time but always regaining its balance. The dense shadows of forest below us make the darkness still more pronounced. For the first time I feel the dirigible roll a little. A wind is pushing against our side, but we reach a greater altitude and hold our course with precision, guided by brooks and valleys below. Then, as unexpectedly and smoothly as if it were happening in a dream, the weather becomes pleasant again. Clouds, forest, fog, and clinging gloom eddy and merge beneath us. We soar over Siebenbürgen at an altitude of 1,500 metres. In Kronstadt, sirens are making a terrific din. All Hermannstadt is out to welcome us. As I stand in the pilot's chamber the compass and side rudder lie directly in front of me. Still in front of me, but farther away, the sun shines straight into my eyes. At first it is luminous but later it grows dull and draws itself up into a tight red ball, luring us irresistibly onward.

At two o'clock in the morning we must have crossed over Vienna but I am wrapped in deep slumber and drained of all desire after the brilliant impressions and rapid succession of pictures that my brain absorbed during the day. I still lie motionless in sleep as we sail over Czechoslovakia, but at five I am in the pilot's room, just in time to discover that we are approaching Breslau. We are forced, however, to while away a few hours in an excursion to Glogau, for we are not scheduled to land in Breslau until nine o'clock. All Silesia knows of our arrival. In the vicinity of Glogau the weather bureau announces to us that there is an atmospheric depression in the north which is spreading southward rapidly. On this account Dr. Eckener is unfortunately obliged to decide against attempting a landing in Breslau, but we circle the city several times and drop with marvelous smoothness to a height of 200 metres above the ground. The crowd on the flying field increases and a thousand handkerchiefs flutter in the air like the wings of doves.

But now the motors of the dirigible are humming again, and once more we are gliding over dark fields. Herds of deer rush in terror out of woods and thickets and a poor, forlorn hare wanders into our shadow. Imperceptibly the country has become more sombre and long trains loaded with coal drag their painful way across the fields. Great coal dumps, towns powdered thickly with coal dust, collieries, cranes, and canals become more and more frequent. But the people of these places are on holiday and have left their hearths and mills and offices to celebrate. We pass Kreuzburg, Oppeln, Gleiwitz, Ratibor, and Beuthen, where the stadium is filled to overflowing.

AFTER the upheaval of this industrial territory the Czechoslovakian countryside seems very calm. The people do no more than express astonishment by gaping at us. Old castles stand out in their splendor. The villages have an air of well-being. The soil is black and fertile.

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And now Brünn lies beneath us and then Linz throws out beams of gold in the evening sunlight. The river that we see in the warm, rich depths below is again the Danube. I can now draw a straight line on the map between Linz and Friedrichshafen. We follow this course through the early hours of the third night. Shortly after eight o'clock Friedrichshafen is sighted, the tremendous, brightly lit, wide-open hangar, and the lake, over which we soar in vast curves, for we are too early. At nine o'clock we try to land, but a ground breeze forces us to rise again. Then the motors are stopped, the altitude rudder forces us slowly downward in an indescribably smooth, agreeable glide. Suddenly our water streams out to diminish our weight and the motors go into reverse with a sharp noise. Two heavy cables are let out of the front of the vessel and fall to the ground. Countless hands grasp the cables and drag us slowly down, to the accompaniment of constant commands. It is just as if a headstrong animal were being subdued. As soon as the dirigible is within their reach the hundred arms which raised us into the air at our departure again grasp the ship and slide it over the grass with admirable coördination. On smooth rails the *Graf Zeppelin* slips silently into the great hall. We all shake hands with Dr. Eckener.

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CROCE VERSUS MUSSOLINI

A Study in Method and Madness

By Valeriu Marcu

Translated from *Die Literarische Welt,* Berlin Literary Weekly

FOR MANY DECADES Benito Mussolini advocated violence in the ranks of the Socialists. Before 1914, he was a champion of 'permanent revolution' and fought for it as ardently as he fights to-day for permanent military preparedness. In fact, he might well begin his biography with Talleyrand's self-characterization: 'I have often changed parties but never my opinion.' As for Benedetto Croce, even before the War he was denouncing 'idols or fetishes which are regarded as sources of good and evil.'

It so happens that at that time Mussolini was meeting with severe reverses in the Socialist Party and in Italian national politics generally. But we must remember that in politics there is no such thing as final catastrophe, provided one does not die and provided also one finds social forces favorable to one's aims. If the most stupid statesman imaginable were immortal, the government would inevitably pass into his hands at least once or twice each century. Now Mussolini is very probably much more than an ordinary statesmen—for he possesses temperament. And in a democracy, which has to take into account the views of the many who have no time to form opinions, innate character and facility in pantomime are of far more value to a politician than mere ideas.

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ON THE Piazza Colonna rises the venerable façade of the Chigi Palace, and, when the sun shines, all the bygone splendor of papal dignity glows again. The peculiar distinction of the architecture produces an invigorating effect and makes even an unshaven visitor feel clean and fresh. Hundreds of young people eager to believe that they are the flower and glory of their country are singing songs whose words promise them mastery of the entire earth. These young people cry rhythmically, '*Il Duce, Il Duce! Il Duce!*' He appears on a balcony. Power invariably emanates from balconies, and every leader must arrange to be seen on one, to receive homage there, and to greet the throngs below him on the public square. On this occasion Mussolini holds a large red rose in his hand. For a moment he seems to reflect, utters a few words, then plucks some petals which drift slowly to the ground. As an accompaniment to his gesture he says gently, 'I love beauty—and youth.'

These young people with their clear, expressionless eyes intend to have that which they do not now possess—freedom, power, control. Force and the dictatorship impress them as a military band impresses little children. A wave is surging up from the populace, and, whenever this great, fearful, irrational beast marches, sings, fights, or suffers, slogans are more essential to it than bread.

THE MASSES, who always live wretchedly and must, therefore, believe in happiness, provide an audience for persons who are clever at making promises, commonplace but cunning magicians, word jugglers, self-assured impostors. The masses form the basis for the acquisition of power, but this basis must be made malleable, then poured into a mould and shaped. And this can only be effected by means which are pleasing to the many and which successfully conceal the end in view.

Machiavelli said that twelve orators are of more avail than an army and Benedetto Croce has paid tribute to the astounding effectiveness of Mussolini's speeches. 'His listeners included not only discontented persons, agitators for the general strike, and the advocates of revolt and direct action who habitually cluster about him, but also a good many intellectuals who were ready to follow him or at least to bestow on him that dilettant interest that they show for everything.' He is dictator because instead of bustling about to no purpose he makes himself his own demagogue, expending the energies of a dozen orators and of a whole army as well.

The familiar elements in Mussolini's speeches are like coins of the realm that pass from hand to hand, but for all that they are not banal. He makes use of simple expressions with a purpose of his own which he conceived when the masses had lost their momentum. He understood the public and realized that mere rebellion could not regulate the state

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afresh. He foresaw that the spirit of revolt would succumb to internal dissension and might collapse on the very eve of victory. Nevertheless, he did not utter words of wisdom, nor did he attempt to reason with the crowd. He shouted with the madmen as if he were himself mad, never forgetting his objective of attaining complete authority. In a lunatic asylum one must not only act insane in order to gain influence but one must appear to be the most insane of all.

Like every other phenomenon, the populace has certain characteristics which are common to it in every age, but it also represents a resultant of historic processes and for this reason it is subject to change. Whatever serves fundamentally to distinguish the masses of to-day from those of yesterday constitutes the determining factor in politics.

In pre-War Italy Socialism dominated the popular mind. It was the closest thing to a national tradition that the country possessed. Did not Rome rebel for five hundred years against the Pope? Has not the Capitol heard the same speeches about liberty in every century? Was not the struggle against the Habsburgs the manifestation of an eternal conspiracy? And consider likewise Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour. But when the yearnings of nationalism were satisfied Socialism envisaged a new heaven. According to Benedetto Croce, Marxism not only dominated the political life of Italy but it infected the cultural thought of the entire country. It was the nectar and ambrosia of the poor, the chief subject of reflection among the educated, and the constant theme of journalistic writing.

A political idea that affects the masses must have more than religious feeling and prayer for sustenance. It demands action and realization. The idols to whom people pray must occasionally respond, otherwise they will be neglected or destroyed. Various schools of Socialism hovered over Italy like clouds which brush against the earth but give no rain. To some they seemed an eternal menace; to others, a perpetual hope. The fatalistic theory which promises control to one class while all other classes writhe in torment is a comfortable mental heritage found in history books but never in history itself. Actual history has its own peculiarities, its unique surprises. And so it came to pass that Mussolini inherited and turned to his own advantage the silent heroism, the idealistic faith and persistent devotion to an invulnerable ideal that Socialism had implanted in the breasts of its followers. His spirit of leadership and his will to power had been kindled by the years that he too had spent working for a cause which had taught him how to make fruitful the dry and stony soil of the Italian masses.

A DICTATOR of the old school descending from the heights of aristocracy to assume leadership in the traditional fashion would have been an impossibility. Only Socialism could have created Mus-

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solini, and in this unequivocal fact the Socialistic idea suffers the most tragic defeat a great idea ever encountered. Yet in the last analysis reality prevails over good and evil alike, for reality possesses no dramatic significance, it is more rational than reason, it reconciles old contradictions because new ones are constantly needed, it is the mightiest of judges, it prevails over all theoretical tendencies and rules like God Himself.

'Where the forces of war represent general tendencies,' says Leopold von Ranke, 'the first blow struck in a battle can decide the future of the world.' But it is not until after the blow has been struck and the decisive point passed that one is able to see clearly what was 'true' and what was 'false.' Mussolini's victory must represent general tendencies; otherwise it could not have been so complete and perhaps, indeed, it is the only possible form that Socialism could have produced in Italy. After all, is the Stalin régime in Moscow, or is the lack of régime under Hermann Müller in Germany any closer to the doctrines of Marx? The Fascist dictatorship rests on the identical social forces that had already organized themselves into corporations forty years ago on a Socialistic basis. For the millions who belong to Fascist syndicates and the thousands of patient, well-paid officials these syndicates employ form the raw material for the new government.

Socialism, the most fundamentally rebellious movement in world history, has prevailed on a world scale, though it has assumed many and various forms, from Russian radicalism to Anglo-German legalism and Italian Fascism. Muscovite Marxism, seasoned with Asiatic sauce, pretends like the Roman pontiff to be the sole qualified representative of the Church, forgetting that in the rest of Europe as well as in Soviet Russia proletarian organizations are tending more and more to become the source of all political power.

Yet even though Socialism is no longer a mere hope, its contribution to the world need not be disparaged. It has become history, just as Catholicism, Protestantism, and the French Revolution have in their turn become history. At present, collective man dominates us all, and philosophy, in order to remain essentially revolutionary, must again tread its own heroic and solitary road. Opposition is no longer the concern of the party but of the individual. Only individuals will speak forth, only individuals will pronounce an unbiased 'No,' 'Yes,' or 'Perhaps,' without slavish regard for the resolutions of corporate bodies which have been baptized in the name of social reform.

In the Italian Senate only one man, Benedetto Croce, has ventured to speak thus. Even collective mankind, which has succeeded, after an arduous struggle with illiteracy, in being able to read a newspaper, has not been able to depose this Neapolitan disciple of Hegel. For his philosophy resolves all hatred into understanding. It is the philosophy

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of the sovereign Idea, constrained to behave according to its nature without expectation of Paradise. Croce recognizes no periods of deterioration, 'but only dissolution, which is new birth. There is no breaking or fraying of the thread, but there are fresh twistings and knottings. There is no absolute evil or baseness, but there is that which is hidden and repressed, and that which is clear and lofty, that which is harmoniously adjusted, and that activity which is seeking its proper adjustment.'

Because of his philosophy Croce looks for power in the individual. The individual is the mainspring of energy, the perpetual concern of history. It is the belief of this Roman senator that the wealth of the world resides in its reflective minds. In his opinion they are 'the true gold reserve of the nation.'

This qualitative energy, constantly endangered but never overwhelmed by the forces of quantity, gathers to itself a gigantic body of adherents; and then all the torches of the Reformation flare. But when the moment of triumph arrives, quality, though victorious, must again wander alone, hearing vaguely from afar the chiming of bells, until such time as it again attracts adherents and is again banished. Constantly reconciling itself to a hostile world, it sets about appeasing its yearning to seek eternally that which it may never find—the motive power that underlies life's contradictions.

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NEW TALKS WITH ANATOLE FRANCE

Unpublished Conversations with the 'Master'

By Nicolas Ségur

Translated from *Les Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris Literary Weekly

IN CONFORMITY WITH his usual habit, France would retire two afternoons each fortnight as soon as lunch was over to prepare his *Figaro* article, which was actually made up of nothing more or less than chapters from *Monsieur Bergeret à Paris*. He would leave us on these occasions, grumbling and complaining about the boredom of his task: 'I am as unhappy as the stones.' But when the article was finished his smile would return.

I remember particularly one summer evening when I had dinner with him and Mme. de Caillavet at the Pavillon d'Azaïs, where France told us that the diners were so numerous that bills for one's meal sprouted out of the ground instead of grass. The joke amused him and he put it into the article that he was engaged in writing at the moment.

On that particular evening we were served a portion of Malaga grapes for which we had to pay an excessively high price. 'We ought to have sent back those lovely grapes, like Saint Macarius,' said France after he had paid the bill, 'but Madame,' he continued, turning with feigned annoyance on Mme. de Caillavet, 'would have none of such self-denial.' Then, turning toward me again, he continued:—

'To Saint Macarius, who was executing one of his masterpieces of penitence in the desert, a certain pious proselyte had sent a superb bunch of grapes to refresh his hot, parched throat, worn raw by prayers. But the humility of Saint Macarius did not allow him to eat these grapes. Without so much as touching them, he sent them as a present to an ascetic who lived in a near-by monastery, considering him more worthy of eating them. The latter, moved by the same sentiments, sent them on to still another penitent until the grapes had made the tour of all the anchorites, finally returning to Macarius, who, finding that the fruit had become the emblem and proof of the community's abnegation, still did not eat it but saved it as a souvenir.'

'Macarius carried things too far,' said Mme. de Caillavet. 'In any case, such scrupulous abnegation no longer exists in our day.'

'Do you think so?' France replied. 'One encounters in all periods sublime instances of delicacy. Do you remember the anecdote about Dr. Félisé, who did so much during the war of 1870? This doctor told

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us how he made a little flask of chloroform last out a whole day of atrocious butchery. "I had only enough for one operation and the first soldier, whose wrist had to be cut, asked me for something to put him to sleep. I replied that I only had a little chloroform, which I ought to keep for men who would be more severely wounded than he was. He began to complain, for he was weak from loss of blood and lacked sleep, but just as I was about to yield he said to me, '*Parbleu*, you are right, I mustn't be a coward. Go ahead, Major, don't put me to sleep.'

'"I offered my chloroform to the next man, an officer on whom I had to perform a horrible operation, but he did not wish to accept it. 'No, Major,' he said to me, 'the chloroform must be kept for the noncommissioned men.'"'

And France, moved with emotion, turned to me and said, 'Was not that a sublime reply?'

ONE day Mme. de Caillavet invited an American lady to her salon for no particular reason, unless it was to help fill up the room. This lady ran a banking establishment and France found in her an inexhaustible source of hilarity, for the idea of a woman doing business aroused in his Latin brain a mixture of disgust and amused astonishment. As a result, he did not hesitate to tease this lady constantly and kept asking her for news about stocks and fluctuations in the money market. Though she understood only a little of what he said, she admired him enormously, but she would keep harassing him with those naïve and imperturbably frank questions so characteristic of her native land. One Sunday, for instance, she said to him, 'I have never been to the Academy. What do you Academicians do when you are together?' France surveyed her with surprised amusement, seemingly searching for a reply. 'We discuss the sublime, Madame,' he finally retorted. 'We also attempt to thrash out that much disputed question of the immortality of the soul. In our spare moments we contemplate the beautiful as Plato saw it.'

'An Academic séance must be marvelous,' said another lady, apparently much moved by these Platonic mysteries that marked meetings of the Academy. But France suddenly ceased being amused. His expression grew dull, for he often suffered from these sudden attacks of depression in the midst of some ironic excursion, attacks that were not so much the result of exterior affairs as they were the fruit of his own thoughts.

'No, Madame, a meeting of the Academy is not inspiring—don't believe it for an instant! We say very little. We sit there, silent, and often we feel the cold. And, since most of us are aged, and yet are still searching after something, we are sad. We bring with us, even there, our

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rancors, our devouring worries, for we are, after all, creators, however insignificant, and from that it follows that we are not rational beings. No, a meeting of the Academy is dreary, stupid, empty.'

And he joined another group, leaving his feminine audience rapt in astonishment.

ONE Sunday morning he burst into the following observations, pronouncing them with a tone of false despair: 'Socialism is not possible, my friends, consider that fact settled. The capitalist tradition that honors wealth is too powerful, and we shall never be able to conquer it. Even the poor respect this tradition, indeed, they respect it more than the rich do. Look at what happens to me. My intentions and ideas are socialistic, but what good does it do, since everyone about me seems to be in the opposition? The carpenter who came to fix my library the other day turned his hand to putting the most sumptuous volumes forward, hiding the badly bound ones behind them against the wall. Poor man, even he was ashamed of poor books. My maid, likewise, throws away every battered book, judging it by appearances only. And even my dog, Riquet, and Mme. de Caillavet's dog, too, bark at poor people and want to sink their teeth in anybody who is not magnificently dressed.

'Under such conditions, how can socialism be established? I understand that Tolstoi, desiring to lead an evangelic life—I mean a communistic life—ran away from home. As soon as one has a house, servants, or a dog, one becomes a property holder and feels oneself at once surrounded by the power of capitalist traditions. Believe me when I say that Rothschild is too much for us. He owns a fortune and he sits enthroned upon the past. His roots sink deep into traditions a million years old, traditions of respect for booty that has been acquired. The rest of us have to keep going without any money for ballast and with nothing but newspaper articles and a few ideas in our heads to support us. The fight is too unequal.

'But, in any case, let us not lose courage. Perhaps our day of triumph will arrive. A cloud no bigger than a handkerchief brings the storm, and a low sect of fools gave birth to all-powerful Christianity.'

FRANCE believed firmly in the close connection between religion and love, having spoken on the matter as follows: 'What a beautiful, brave book could be written on the relation between mysticism and sensuality! The true Don Juan instinctively divines that it is at the door of the confessional that the flesh is most sensitive, the heart most ardent, but the confessors realize this fact more vividly than the Don Juans.

'In Renan's *Souvenirs d'enfance* we see clearly that to him the amorous and religious types are one, and that, without her nun's vestments,

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woman seems to be deprived of mystery. At the supreme moment the abbess cries out to her lover, "You have made me more Christian than I ever was!" The heresies of the early Christian era, the amorous servitude of women to their prophet-lovers, and the formidable orgies that would follow certain love feasts show what fanatical excitement mysticism can add to mere voluptuousness. This is true of all times in the world's history and one finds as much of the warmth of love during the religious wars of the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth century among the Mormon harems on the Great Salt Lake.'

OLD AUTUMN

By W. H. Davies

From the *Spectator*

Is this old Autumn standing here,
  Where wind-blown fruits decay;
Dressed up in limp, bedraggled flowers
  That Summer cast away?

Within whose mist no dewdrops shine,
  And grass, once green, goes yellow;
For whom no bird will sing or chirp,
  On either Ash or Willow?

If this is his poor, pelted face,
  With dead leaves soaked in rain,
Come, Winter, with your kindly frost
  That's almost cruelly sane;

Take him, with his unwanted life,
  To his last sleep and end—
Like the cat that cannot find a home,
  And the dog that has no friend.

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THEY CALL IT FOOTBALL

A German View of America's Autumn Sport

By Egon Erwin Kisch

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt,* Prague German-Language Daily

'A DANGEROUS GAME, this American football,' Dr. Becker said to himself as he stood in the subway at half past two of a Saturday afternoon on his way to see the New York University team play Missouri. He had never seen an American football game, but his notion that 'this American football' was a rough, dangerous sport remained firmly anchored in his mind. But Dr. Becker himself was not so firmly anchored. Squeezed in among a compact group of people who were waiting for the subway train, he was gradually being pushed toward the edge of the platform. Those in front of him were already fighting for seats in the subway cars and, at the same time, other people were struggling to get out against the incoming mob, and successfully making their way in spite of the immense pressure against them. And now Dr. Becker is leaning over the rails, clinging to the man next him. It is a dangerous position but, as he looks behind him, he is pushed by the pleasure-seeking throng through the door of the car that will presently bear them all to the Yankee Stadium.

The crowd is streaming into the stadium in close formation, some in automobiles, others on foot. People are running out in front of the automobiles, shouting at their occupants in stentorian tones, imploring them with speech and gesture to park their cars. They have rented this parking space, and Saturday afternoon is the only time that it yields them any income, hence their contempt for the mortal danger in which they find themselves. Nevertheless, the automobiles continue to make their way past all these obstructions.

When he enters the stadium itself, Dr. Becker grows tense with amazement. We cannot blame him. He has journeyed out here with thousands of other people in the subway and the last stretch of the journey he has made with tens of thousands on foot and thousands more in automobiles, yet the stadium itself is empty, for one must qualify as empty a structure which has no less than forty thousand seats empty. Nevertheless, forty-five thousand seats are taken, for the Yankee Stadium holds eighty-five thousand people.

AS A prelude to the game, a military band marches across the field, but its members are really students in uniform. The bandmaster wears a high white hat adorned with feathers and his face is tense. In

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private life he, too, is a student at New York University. The band marches by. Applause.

The Missouri players now come running into the arena. More applause. There are thirty of them. Although only eleven play on the team, substitutes are continually being used, as we shall presently discover. And now the New York University team enters, with its substitutes. Storms of applause. The New Yorkers wear violet jerseys and olive-green stockings. Their guests from Missouri are dressed in striped orange and black. All of them wear helmets, the local boys white ones, the Missouri boys gold-colored ones. Over their ears they wear round massive protectors, for in modern competitions people no longer tear each other's ears off.

The players are also protected with pads, but Dr. Becker does not like them, for it seems to him illogical to play football swathed in bandages. The referee appears, a kind of subordinate judge. Moderate applause. The umpire appears, a kind of super-judge. Storms of applause.

This is probably the moment to explain where the applause, the moderate applause, and the storms of applause come from. This applause is provided by sympathetic young people on the side lines, who are led by official cheer leaders. These ovation organizers stand on the playing field, equipped with megaphones, in front of the various sections of the arena, and they shout out what team or what player is to be cheered. When they have done this, they lay their megaphones on the ground and direct the cheering, moving their bodies in unison, bending their knees, raising their arms upward and stretching them sideways. It is a collective shout of joy that they stimulate, and resembles some rhythmical rite in ancient India, especially when the Missouri quarterback named Rosenheim or the New York halfback named Jerry Nemecek is being greeted:—

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
N.Y.U.! N.Y.U.!
Nemecek! Nemecek! Nemecek!

The ball is not round like a normal European ball; it is shaped like a plum, an unripe plum that is not yet circular, for it is pointed at either end. That is the way it looks and there is good reason for its shape.

A pistol shot makes the unprepared Dr. Becker jump. Someone has fired it on the side lines, and the game has begun.

It is inappropriate to call America's national sport 'football,' as if there were no other kind of football and as if the game had something to do with the foot and with the ball. To be sure, America does play professionally the same kind of football we play in Europe, and sometimes amateurs play it, too. This game, however, is never called football, but

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soccer, an abbreviation of the word, 'association.' The so-called football that Americans play is nothing more or less than Rugby with a special set of rules.

The game is divided into four periods of fifteen minutes each. The field is a hundred yards long and there is a line across it every five yards. There are two goals, whose crossbars do not rest on the tops of the perpendicular posts, but run between them in the middle so as to form letter H's. This, however, does not mean that the goal is a kind of Holy Land, as is the case on the more logical continent of Europe, for in America the goal plays a subordinate rôle and stands outside the actual field of play.

THIS field begins ten yards from the goal, and each end of it is marked by a goal line. When one team succeeds in carrying the ball over the enemy's goal line it has made a touchdown, which is the greatest achievement it can perform and corresponds roughly to our goal. The team that has made a touchdown secures six points and has the right to try to kick a goal from the twenty-yard line, and if the ball goes over the crossbar another point is scored.

A team is allowed to make four plays and within these plays it must move the ball at least ten yards forward. If the ball is kicked with the foot over the goal posts it is a goal from the field and counts three points. But the ball is almost always carried, or, rather, the players attempt to carry it, for the opposing eleven bends all its energy to preventing the team with the ball from gaining its ten yards, let alone carrying the ball over the goal line. How do they do this? They stop their opponents by running their helmeted heads into the stomach of the man carrying the ball. They also grab him by the feet, hit him in the face, and generally regale him with similar pleasantries. Usually a play lasts about a quarter of a minute before the man carrying the ball is brought to earth with friend and foe on top of him, all of them a mass of struggling arms and legs. The referee then blows his whistle and the pile untangles itself. The player at the bottom of the pile, who a few seconds ago was the proud carrier of the ball, usually remains on the ground, hurt or unconscious or both. Negro helpers run to his assistance and attempt to bring him back to life with artificial respiration and with vinegar. The doctor also comes with his medicine bag, and the umpire, who cannot tolerate any disorder on the field of play, has the rest of the players withdraw to a little distance. These survivors are then hastily refreshed with ice water and the peaceful game continues.

The attacking team retires three paces behind the ball and forms a circle with their bodies bent over as they whisper a mysterious code to one another, 'Four throws to Seven, Nine gives it to Two.' Then ten of the men advance and prepare to spring forward from a crouching posi-

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tion. The eleventh, the quarterback, remains in the rear and the ball is usually passed to him. He is the only one who does not crouch on guard. A pace away from the other ten players stand their eleven opponents, who are prepared to bring to earth pitilessly the man with the leather ball. This ball corresponds to the stick used in a relay race, and it must be carried over the goal line. The entire play consists of running, and the opponents must stop this run. It is a case of phalanx against phalanx.

NO WONDER this battle excites the spectators and makes them shout like wild Indians; the extraordinary thing is that this excitement keeps bursting out every quarter or half minute, subsiding just as quickly as it appears. At a moment's notice forty-five thousand people leap out of their seats and then sit down again as soon as the referee's whistle has blown. It is a monumentally comic spectacle to witness this mass of people continually jumping up and sitting down. In the intermission, the bands indulge in all kinds of crazy displays and a man dressed in a bear skin, since the bear is the symbol of Missouri, wrestles with a violet-clad college boy from New York. In the press box reporters are hard at work at telegraph machines, telephones, and a radio microphone. One man is tapping the key board of a diagram depicting the football field. Each move he makes is instantaneously transmitted to the miniature football field diagrams that are displayed in front of so many American newspaper offices. Crowds are standing in front of these buildings listening to the results of the game, and when it is reported that the umpire has called a penalty they will shout 'Liar!' and 'Robber!' in St. Louis and San Francisco, thousands of miles away.

Because the name, 'football,' in European sporting parlance has something to do with a goal and a leather ball, Dr. Becker spent nearly three quarters of an hour trying to understand the point of this game, in order to communicate it to the happy reader of this article. Since the universal excitement did not stir him, he had time to set down his observations, the results of which are given herewith: (1) European football is equal to the American game in the emphasis laid upon teamwork, speed, and quick-wittedness; (2) European football is inferior to American football in that American football develops greater courage and makes for tougher muscles in the torso and arms; (3) European football is superior to American football in that in America the physically stronger player has a greater advantage over the weaker player, who is distinctly handicapped because of his small size.

As Dr. Becker came to this conclusion the referee's whistle blew and the game came to an end, New York winning, 27 to 6. The victorious team demolished the goal posts and took them home as trophies. In the subway, on the street-cars, and in the auto buses, at five o'clock of a Saturday afternoon, the battle began again.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

France Looks at Wall Street

THE REPERCUSSIONS of the Wall Street crash were not slow in reaching France, where the weekly and semimonthly journals have been joining the daily press with their explanations and advice. 'Undoubtedly for the first time in the history of the world a serious crisis on the New York Stock Market has appeared to be an event of really international importance,' says the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*. 'The elegant Parisian lady, the English working man, the German bourgeois are all interested for various reasons in a financial crash some three thousand miles away.' A detailed history of the rise in stock values and in brokers' loans is then followed by an analysis of the present position of the country:—

> The most serious aspect of this slump is that it seems to have transformed business psychology for the moment. During the last three years people have been buying stocks without taking into account the interest they yielded, but only paying attention to the rise in the value of the security itself. Since the United States is a new country, whose future still seems to be enormous, it was natural that the nation's sources of credit should do their part in furthering economic progress and that the Federal Reserve should to some extent participate. Obviously, it is all a question of how far one should go. The rhythm of credit increase and the growth of speculation should have been attuned to the economic development of the country. It seems that up to the end of 1927 the relationship between these factors remained normal, but in 1928 the economic growth of the country could not keep up with the extension of credit and the craze for speculation. And in 1929 Wall Street became a colossal rue Quincampoix.

As for the future of America, the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire* has this to say:—

> Considering the great number of people who have been hit by the slump, we cannot help thinking that the whole economic structure of the country has been affected. We have already pointed out the close relationship between industry and the Stock Exchange in America, and it seems impossible that the collapse of stock values should not affect the industrial activity of the country. The rise on the Stock Exchange had stimulated the consumption of industrial products, which, in turn, had been sold on an audacious system of credit. The danger is that industry, presently facing a reduced market, will find itself temporarily suffering from overproduction, and hence obliged to increase its inventories and reduce running expenses. Nor is it an exaggeration to add that under these conditions the Federal Reserve System will need all its power to prevent an industrial crisis involving serious social consequences. In any case, the installment system of buying will presently find itself facing an interesting test.

L'Europe Nouvelle also devotes several pages to the financial condition of the United States, pointing out how much more important a part the Stock Exchange plays in America than it does in Europe:—

> The Stock Exchange plays a very different part in the economic life of America from the one to which it is assigned in Europe. The rôle of the Stock Exchange in Europe is to transform short-term loans into long-term

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loans. It plays a rôle half way between mere saving and active business. In the United States, on the other hand, economic development is operated so rapidly that business men would never have been able to find on the ordinary money market sufficient savings to promote their projects. Thus the American Stock Exchange, instead of reflecting the economic activity of the country as it does in Europe, becomes the essential element in the country's economic life. It is the substructure on which increased production has been based and whose development is closely tied up with the general progress of credit. . . .

There is no disguising the fact that the entire economic activity of the United States may be profoundly affected, to say nothing of agriculture, whose difficulties have been one of the determining causes of the present crisis. Industry, too, whose fate is closely bound up with the Stock Exchange, will have to adapt itself to new conditions, for the whole credit system is imperiled and the collective purchasing power of the country has been greatly reduced. This adaptation will be rendered more difficult by the fact that considerable developments have been made during the past year in selling methods that have extended the market for various products. It is evident that all this new structure will be menaced if it is not bolstered up by the hope of new profits to be made from speculation.

A Japanese Statesman Discusses the Kellogg Pact

MASANAO HANIHARA, former Japanese ambassador to the United States, has written a long article explaining to his countrymen the advantages and drawbacks of the Kellogg Peace Pact. His attitude is not one of undiluted enthusiasm and he quotes, with approval, 'certain jurists' who have 'well remarked that the Pact, aside from its moral value, did not add dignity to international law.' He then goes on to point out the various interpretations and amendments attached to the agreement and the number of cases and places where war is not outlawed at all. In regard to America, he remarks sorrowfully, 'when the approval of the programme for the construction of fifteen cruisers by the American Senate is taken into consideration, we cannot suppress a sigh, because the act postpones to the distant future the realization of a lofty ideal.'

At the same time, Mr. Hanihara does take account of the moral implications of the Pact. He feels that it indicates a widespread desire for peace on the part of the common man and he welcomes the fact that it brings America into closer association with the League of Nations and the World Court. His conclusions he summarizes in a final paragraph which also contains a veiled allusion to the exclusion of the Japanese from Australia and the United States:—

> The strong point of the Kellogg-Briand Treaty can be distinguished from its weak point in the foregoing arguments, and the possibility of its service for safeguarding world peace depends on the concert of the contracting parties. The defect of the treaty is neglect to eradicate causes of disturbance. From the standpoints of justice and equality, the present economic, political, and social institutions are deplorable in many respects. For instance, there are vast tracts of land available for the promotion of general welfare, but they are in the hands of nations incapable of developing them by themselves and to whom extensive territories are not necessary. The freedom of commerce and traffic is interrupted by nations insensible of their responsibility and incapable of performing international obligations. As long as such a state of affairs is left to shift for itself, the outlawing of war will be futile labor. For the establishment of permanent peace, all these conditions should be rectified. International justice, mutual respect, and the principle of world solidarity will be forceless. The writer holds that the Kellogg-Briand Treaty is a valuable instrument for progress and development, and in this sense he

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urges his compatriots to make efforts for its effective operation.

The Argentine Relents

NOT EVERYONE IN THE ARGENTINE supports the anti-American policies of the present Government which culminated in a trade agreement with Great Britain whereby English textiles pay a much lower tariff than similar American products. *La Prensa*, the foremost daily paper in Buenos Aires, criticizes President Irigoyen severely for not having appointed an ambassador to the United States and points out that his attitude may prove a boomerang:—

The fundamental law of the Argentine charges the president of the nation with maintaining 'good relations' with foreign powers. For that purpose 'he concludes and signs treaties of peace, commerce, navigation, alliance, boundaries and neutrality, concordats' and other negotiations conducive to that end.

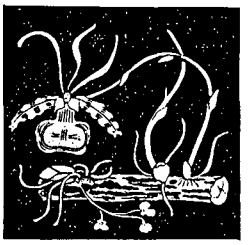
The exercise of this power by the present Chief Executive presents aspects that do not seem to be in strict accord with the purpose that should motivate them. Indeed, there is no doubt that, in certain cases, his procedure has tended to endanger rather than to advance 'good relations.'

One cannot, for instance, ignore the fact that our friendship with the United States, although not in a critical condition, has suffered, in the last year, a sensible cooling off, which fortunately does not affect the ties that have always linked the two peoples.

But the Argentine authorities have done nothing to avoid this disagreeable situation. Their policy, inspired naturally by the President, does not recommend itself to the high officials of the United States. After many months our embassy at Washington still remains without a head, because the Chief Executive did not take the trouble to fill a vacancy that should not be left open, especially under the present circumstances, when an ambassador is so urgently needed. It was necessary, for instance, to urge by discreet official means that the increase of the tariff on cereals and other agricultural products should not reach proportions prejudicial to one of our basic industries.

But our President does not maintain this discourteous attitude toward everybody, having lavished delicate attentions on certain South American dignitaries. Notwithstanding his honorable democratic origin, the Chief Executive of Argentina has found nothing in his conscience, or in the restrictions imposed on him by the office he holds, to prevent him from going to extremes in the attentions he bestows on rulers who have overridden the institutions of their respective countries and established personal systems of indefinite duration.

In short, the foreign policy of our President has two drawbacks: we are estranged from a true democracy like that of the United States; and, at the same time, we are drawing closer to the rulers who consider themselves providential and superior to the democratic institutions which their respective peoples freely gave themselves.



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WAR AND PEACE

I met many men in Australia who genuinely enjoyed the War. They are not at all like the gloomy fellows we read of in these latter-day War novels. I remember one man, whose wounds ran into double figures, who told me his War experiences were the best four years of his life and he wished it could happen again.—*General Tom Bridges, former Governor of South Australia.*

There is much talk nowadays about peace. In fact, there is too much talk altogether about peace. We should beware against falling into any delusions, especially in view of the fact that not a single nation has really disarmed. We are a rising people, of that I am profoundly convinced. After a careful review of our national resources I am convinced that we are really on the road to becoming those Italians that the great men of our Risorgimento wished Italy to possess. You, the disabled ex-servicemen, are the best part, the aristocracy, of that greater Italy. If necessary, all ex-servicemen are ready to fight again and conquer.—*Benito Mussolini.*

The only kind of private war we need to consider is that most flagrant one where the League of Nations has pronounced unanimously against an aggressor, and the members of the League, as a matter of public duty, bind themselves together for an economic boycott of the disturber of the peace. Will the United States claim her commercial rights as a neutral in such a case, and insist on the right to supply an aggressor, nullify the boycott, and commercially and financially aid the aggressor? It would be an insult to the United States to put such a question gravely. It was most improbable even before the Peace Pact. It has become starkly impossible after it. There might have been, before, a claim of abstract right which, however, never would have been exercised in a real emergency. Now, after the Kellogg Pact, even the form of abstract right has virtually disappeared.—*General Jan C. Smuts, former Premier of South Africa.*

We always seem to be hearing of reductions in naval strength. The navy never has been the cause of war, and we never hear anything about the reduction of aërial strength, although the danger to the civilian population is infinitely greater from the air than anything else.—*Admiral Jellicoe, War-time commander of Grand Fleet.*

Above all, the old abominable motto that if we want peace we must prepare for war should be relegated to disgrace. That is not the way to secure peace. I look for a time when the whole human family will govern itself by mutual agreement. I see the dawn of it already. Humanity has a long era before it; we are not yet civilized.—*Sir Oliver Lodge, British scientist.*

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Views & Reviews

THE UNIVERSE AROUND US. *By Sir James Jeans. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. $4.50.*

PERHAPS BECAUSE most children absorb all that the *Book of Knowledge* offers on the subject of the structure of stars and planets, astronomy usually seems to the layman a pleasantly familiar science. He contemplates the stars with awe and realizes that they are not what they seem to be from his earthly vantage point, but the mere fact that he wonders about them solemnly and naïvely serves to create in his mind an illusion of acquaintanceship with them. This illusion is effectively and sharply dispelled by Sir James Jeans's book.

The present reader belongs, presumably, in the category of 'readers with no special scientific knowledge' for whom this book was written. In a brief preface the distinguished author states guardedly that his ideal of making his subject-matter intelligible to such readers is perhaps never wholly attainable. Thus, before we have begun the book we are led to entertain a doubt, which is subsequently to be confirmed, of our powers of comprehension. At the end of the fifth chapter, before the concluding generalities, the lay reader is forced to admit with sadness and an inarticulate feeling of frustration that the methods used by investigators into the nature of the physical universe are as so many occult mysteries to the mind untutored in the essentials of physics, chemistry, and higher mathematics. There are, for instance, certain footnotes which look deceptively simple and short, but which reduce the unskilled reader to a state of mental prostration and hopeless frenzy. This is not, in the main, the fault of Professor Jeans. His subject-matter has the immensity of all time and all space. He does his best, which is an admirable best, to bend this immensity to his will. He endeavors, by means of carefully selected comparisons, to reduce astronomical space and time to a scale commensurate with ordinary experience and with man's eager but limited imagination. One is not likely to forget his parable of the six specks of dust floating in impressive solitude through the vast extent of Waterloo Station, illustrating the emptiness of space, the infrequency with which a casual wanderer in it would come upon a star, and the absurdity of supposing that a star is likely to run into any other heavenly body within any imaginable space of time. These same six specks of dust, having demonstrated how sparsely space is peopled, are introduced most happily upon several occasions with visible effects upon the lucidity of the explanation. Then there is the felicitous image of the penny laid flat upon the top of Cleopatra's Needle. The height of the Needle represents the age of the earth. The thickness of the penny indicates the time during which man has lived on the earth. Stuck on top of the penny there is a postage stamp, the thickness of which shows how long man has been civilized. One is invited to go on sticking postage stamps on top of each other until the total pile is as high as Mont Blanc. This pile, says Professor Jeans, would represent the time stretching out ahead of humanity, the million million years which will elapse before the earth, due to its gradual retreat from the sun and the slow diminution

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of the sun's own radiation, will have run down like a watch which no hand will wind up again. A period of a million million years, which may imply no more to the astronomer than the end of an inexplicable episode in cosmic evolution, seems inconceivable and practically infinite to the layman.

One of the most illuminating parts of the book describes the phenomenon of paired stars, known as binary systems, and explains the difference between spectroscopic and visual binaries. Professor Jeans reviews in an able manner the most solidly established theories about the evolution of nebulae from chaos, of stars from nebulae, and of planets and their satellites, and of binary systems and subsystems, from stars. He treats the subject of radiation on earth and in the universe at large with assurance and comparative clarity. The most obscure section of the book is that which deals with the theory of the orbits of electrons around a nucleus. Professor Jeans is scrupulously careful not to let his readers draw false conclusions from any tentative statements that he makes. His splendid last chapter is an adequate solace for the concentrated effort required by the balance of the book. After all, a work which challenges the mind is more desirable and valuable than an oversimplification characterized by yawning omissions.

M. H. I.

HUMANITY UPROOTED. *By Maurice Hindus. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1929. $3.50.*

Maurice Hindus was born in a small Russian village and he did not see a railroad train or an electric light until he emigrated to America at the age of fourteen. But it was in the United States that he received his education, so that when he returned in 1923 to a Russia transformed beyond recognition from the land of his birth, he was almost ideally suited to interpret what he saw to Americans. From that year, therefore, until the present time, he has been visiting the Soviet Union almost annually, traveling the length and breadth of the land, talking with all sorts and conditions of men. Although no advocate of Bolshevism, he maintains an unvaryingly sympathetic attitude toward the Communist experiment and draws invaluable distinctions between what is really new in modern Russia and what is a mere continuation of ancient characteristics.

The book is arranged by subjects—not by the chronological order of the author's adventures. It is divided into three main sections —Institutions, People, and Quests—but the inevitable generalizing is constantly refreshed by episodes that give point to each observation. Mr. Hindus places a high value on the new spirit that many Russians are breathing and suggests that most of the seemingly unendurable living conditions are no worse than they were under the Tsars. England is represented as the archenemy of the Soviet Union, America as the Russian national ideal; but it is the vivid pages of description rather than any abstract theorizing that lead the reader to believe that the tensions between England, Russia, and America are likely to dominate world history for at least a generation to come.

World Travel Calendar

ARGENTINE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.

AUSTRIA

ADMONT. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
BLUDENZ. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
GASTEINER-THAL. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
RAX ALPE. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
SCHLADMING. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
SEMMERING. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.
VIENNA. February, Carnival Ball of the *Gschnasfest,* Künstlerhaus.
ZÜRS. January 1, Winter Sports Contest.

BELGIUM

BRUSSELS. January 8, Festival of Sainte Gudule.

BRAZIL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.
PERNAMBUCO. January 27, Foundation Day of the State of Pernambuco.

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RIO DE JANEIRO. January 20, Celebration of the Founding of Rio de Janeiro.
SÃO PAULO. January 25, Foundation Day of the State of São Paulo.

BULGARIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 14, New Year's Day.

COLOMBIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.

CUBA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 28, Anniversary of Marti's Birthday.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

JILEMNICE. January 30-February 2, Ski Championship.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 21, Altagracia.

ENGLAND

LONDON. December-January, 6th International Schoolboys' Exhibition.

FINLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 5, Runeberg's Day Festivals.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 5, Ceremony of *Galette des Rois*.
FONT-ROMEN. January 13-20, Curling Championship of France; *26-February 2*, Ski Races and Championships; *3-10*, Skating and Bobsleigh Championships.
PARIS. January 3, Festival of Sainte Geneviève.
SUPERBAGNÈRES. January 1, Ice Gymkhana opens; *5*, Grand Skating Competitions open; *12-28*, Grand Ski Races.

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. January 6-February 5, Carnival; *February 3*, Rose Monday, Bonfire Celebrations of Little Candlemas Day.
ANGERBURG (EAST PRUSSIA). Late February-early March, International Ice-Sailing Championship.
BERLIN. November 7-January 18, German-Language Course at the University; *February 1-7*, Green Week.
KRUMMHÜBEL. January 12, Winter Sports open.
OBERSTDORF. February 4-10, German Ski Championship.
SCHIERKE. January 25, Harz Mountains Ski Championship.
VILLINGEN. February 4, Narrofest.

HAWAII

HONOLULU. January 1, Surfboard Races to decide the 1930 Champion; Football Match: Washington State v. University of Hawaii; *February, Kaaona Ka Malama* (patriotic tableau by the Hawaiian Warriors' Society).

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM. January 24-February 2, Automobile Exhibition.
POSTERHOLT (near ROERMOND). January-December, Exhibition of Prehistoric Articles excavated in the District.
SASSENHEIM. January 21-24, Poultry Exhibition.

HUNGARY

BUDAPEST. February 9-March 24, Exhibition of Italian Fine Art.

IRELAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 1, Saint Bridget's Day.
BELFAST. February 1, Football Match: Ireland v. Wales.

ITALY

CATANIA (SICILY). February 3, Festival of Saint Agatha.
MILAN. January-May, Opera Season at the Scala Theatre; *4-6*, Clay Pigeon Shooting Match.
NAPLES. January 1, Opera Season opens at the San Carlo Theatre.

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PADUA. January 17, Festival of Saint Anthony.
PERUGIA. January 23, Holy Ring Feast of the Virgin Mary.
ROME. January-March, Art Lovers' Exhibition, Exhibition Palace; *January 6*, Fair in Piazza Navona; *19*, Trotting Races at Villa Glori Hippodrome; *22*, Anniversary of Funeral of Pope Benedict XV, Sistine Chapel; *25*, Chains of Saint Paul Exhibit at S. Paolo Fuori Le Muri; *February 1*, Saint Ignatius's Day Festival at S. Clemente; *12*, Ceremony in the Sistine Chapel celebrating the Papal Coronation.
SORRENTO. February 14, Procession of Saint Anthony.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 31, Omisoka, Great Last Day of Year.

MEXICO

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.

PANAMA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 21, Foundation Day.

POLAND

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. February 11, Kosciuszko Day.
LWÓW. January 19, Ceremony of 'Blessing of the Ice.'

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 31, Dedication Day of the Founders of the Republic.

RUSSIA

KIEV. December-January, 1930, 8th Congress for the Study of Soils.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December-January, 'Swinging Feast.'

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 23, Fête of the King.
MADRID. January 17, Saint Anthony's Parade; *23*, Saint Alfonso's Day.
VALENCIA. January 22, Saint Vincent's Day.

SWEDEN

SALTSJÖBADEN. January 15-March 15, Ski Competitions; *February 2*, Ski Competitions.
STOCKHOLM. February 1-March 15, Exhibition of Ander Zorn's Work at Liljevalch Art Gallery; *February 8-15*, the Northern Games with Competitions for World and European Championships; *12*, Gala Performance at the Royal Opera House.
STORA VARTAN, DJURSHOLM (near STOCKHOLM). January 5, 12, 19, 26, February 2, 9, Ice Yachting.

SWITZERLAND

BASEL. January 27, International Concert of New Music at the Conservatory; *February 4*, Thibaud-Cortot Concert.
BERN. January 7, Beethoven Concert.
CAUX. January 25, World Bobsleigh Championship; *February 2*, Skating Fête.
CELERINA. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
CHAMPÉRY. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
DAVOS-PLATZ. January 4, 2nd Academic World Winter Games; *7-14*, International University Ski Match.
ENGELBERG. February 7-10, Swiss Ski Championship.
GSTAD. February 9, 9th Grand Horse Race.
LES AVANTS (near MONTREUX). January 19, Military Ski Competition.
LEUKERBAD. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
MONTREUX. February 1, International Rink Hockey Tournament.
PONTRESINA. January 12, Ski Contest between Swiss and Foreign Skiers.
RIGI. February 4, Ice Carnival with Fireworks.
SAINTE-CROIX-LES-RASSES. January 1, Fêtes on the Ice Rinks.
SAINT MORITZ. January 17-21, Ski Races; *February 2-6-9*, International Horse Races on Lake.

VENEZUELA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. January 6, Three Kings' Day.

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